

CORONET

DECEMBER

25c



THIS IS NOT READING
IT'S LIVELY SIGHTS
PROPELLED BY

CHRISTMAS CAROL by Charles Dickens

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Rackets 'Round the Christmas Tree	W. F. MC DERMOTT	3
Cradle of Terror	ANONYMOUS	8
America's Stake in Africa	MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM	16
No Quarter for Quartermasters	SIGMUND SAMETH	21
Wanted: A Woman's Bill of Rights	MABEL RAEF PUTNAM	43
Animals as Allies	PRISCILLA JAQUITH	50
How to Fight a Fire	PAUL W. KEARNEY	55
Plugs that Jingle, Jangle, Jingle	WELDON MELICK	62
Arthur Murray—in a Hurry	BARBARA HEGGIE	71
Evil Old Man of Japan	MARK GAYN	76
How to Crash and Walk Away	MICHAEL EVANS	84
Strange as He Seems	IRVING WALLACE	89
Geography Goes to War	GRETNA PALMER	131
Atlantic Bronchos	JOHN RHODES STURDY	145
Nature's Unbeaten Speed Records	FRANK W. LANE	150
Nostradamus up to Date	SIDNEY CARROLL	168

Fiction Feature

Webs for One	RYERSON JOHNSON	155
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Features

Suffer Little Children: Picture Story	THERESA BONNEY	27
The Sleepy Gatekeeper: Coaching Print by C. B. Newhouse	67	
Dickens' Christmas Carol: Coronet Bookette	93	
Hold It, Mr. President! Picture Story	JOHNNY THOMPSON	111
Merchants of Murder: Portfolio of Personalities	135	
Coronet's Christmas Game Book Section	177	

Miscellany

Forgotten Mysteries	R. DE WITT MILLER	1
The Best I Know	4	
Not of Our Species	4	
Carroll's Corner	4	
Your Other Life	1	

Cover Girl

All snug and warm and smiling in her fur jacket, Vera Gilmer knows she's protected against the cold winds of December and all set for Christmas activities. Born in Hollywood in the very shadows of the studios, she's never had an inclination to be an actress. As a matter of fact, she turned down all screen contracts offered her—and there have been many. She wanted to become a great singer and achieved success as a songstress over radio programs and in New York's Rainbow Room. James Viles took this demurely debonair photograph of Miss Gilmer for Coronet.



CORONET, DECEMBER, 1942; VOL. 13, NO. 2; WHOLE NO.

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright, 1942, Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorials or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.

Christmas is the season for charity and good will—but it is also the harvest time for racketeers who cash in on fake appeals



Rackets 'Round the Christmas Tree

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

CHRISTMAS is the time for peace on earth, good will to men—and the time for rackets. For years swindlers have mulcted an indulgent public out of millions at Yuletide—the New York commissioner of public welfare a decade ago estimated the amount at \$100,000,000 annually.

This year, with the war for a "cause," the gravy-take will be bigger and juicier than ever before!

It will be, that is, unless the war-burdened public is thoroughly warned and takes summary action against the human vultures who prey on the spirit of charity. Fortunately, nearly 100 cities, from Boston to Atlanta to San Francisco, are already up in arms against this army of thieves; and since the latter's harvest season lies in the month between the appearance of this article and Christmas Day, there is an opportunity for the whole nation to blast the rackets.

The eye-opener came to me during the years when I conducted the Neediest Families Fund for the *Chicago Daily News*. We raised half a million dollars annually at Christmas to care for the most destitute and worthy families. Our books were checked by certified public accountants, and the work was done under the supervision of trained charity administrators. We did that as a matter of course; it never occurred to us that the field was rife with swindlers. But it didn't take us long to find out.

Scarcely had we announced the launching of our plan when the first flood of agonizing letters descended upon us. Another deluge came when we invited contributors to send in any begging letters. We would check on each request and, if it fell within our field, take care of it; if not, we would refer it to the proper agency.

When our office staff sorted the



appeals according to neighborhoods, duplicates began to appear—letters in the same handwriting, from the same address, with the same content except for a slight variation of wording.

Before long, we had stacks of letters from the same parties; scads of piles with a dozen identical appeals, others with 25 to 50, and a few with 100. The topnotcher had 223.

Something was wrong. I went to the United Charities, my brief-case bulging with the heart-breakers, and laid them before the superintendent. He wasn't a bit excited.

"Let me look up the names," he said, turning to his files. "All frauds," he commented later; "professional moochers. They work the whole year around, but Christmas is the grand season for grab."

WE INVESTIGATED for ourselves and found he spoke the truth. The largest number of letters concerned a case which, we discovered, consisted of three fairly well-to-do families of one

nationality, all owners of apartment buildings, who had for years made it a practice to move into an abandoned tenement basement two or three weeks before Christmas.

There they stuffed rags into glassless windows, pooled their 11 children into one bogus household, bound their feet in gunny-sacks and let them go half-naked and half-starved for the duration of the Christmas season. The kids were promised abundant rewards for playing their misery roles. Neighboring slum dwellers were bribed with money to keep their mouths shut, their eyes and ears closed. When the stage was all set, the farce opened up.

From newspapers were gleaned names of charity-givers; from classified telephone directories were taken names of individuals or firms in a specific profession or industry. A certain group would be cultivated each Christmas—one season the milliners, the next the lawyers, and so on—and pitiful letters sent to them. The form had been concocted by the elders, and the children copied it over and over. All they had to do then was to await the windfall.

It came with a whirl. Apparently only a fraction of the letters had been forwarded to us; others won immediate response. Trucks began to arrive and to unload coal by the ton—coal that was later sold to the neighbors at a discount. Baskets of food rolled in; staple items were put away for use throughout the year, the balance eaten or sold. Clothing was shared for a price. But the mail brought the

real gravy—money. Our investigation indicated that the three families got in enough to care for them for the ensuing year.

Check and double-check showed that scarcely one letter out of 10 mail appeals is valid.

THERE WAS one case of a family supposed to be freezing to death. A ton of coal was rushed to the address, later found to be that of a retailer who sold the charity fuel by the bucket on a cash basis. An old lady given a Christmas basket was offered a ride home with it in a motor car; she refused as she had a taxi waiting. A Christmas basket was given to an uninvestigated family; but when a social worker peeped under the bed, she saw seven other full baskets. The thrifty housewife had a post-Christmas sale, baskets going for one dollar.

And so it goes in city after city. It has reached the point where welfare authorities estimate half a million fake appeals are made yearly in the larger cities. This is small pickings, however, compared to syndicate grafting under the Christmas tree.

Did you ever hear of the "boiler room," as the underworld terms it? It may be a suite in a shady hotel; an empty store with shades pulled down; or an out-of-the-way office in a commercial building. Here, at a battery of telephones temporarily installed, a group of oily-voiced, high-pressure gents, each with a list of addresses and telephone numbers of "suckers" in front of him, give a prepared spiel:

Would the generous-spirited citizen

heed this plea at Christmas time on behalf of the starving orphans or penniless widows of the So-and-So home? It would brighten their lives so much, all in the name of the Christ-Child. He would take a couple of benefit tickets? How fine of him—a messenger would be right over.

The set-up is this: A band of grafters determines to "work" a city. Advance scouts locate some obscure charity or institution struggling to get along and offer to raise money for it without charge or risk on its part. All the philanthropy need do is to lend its name and those of its officers—plus furnishing a list of charitably inclined people of the city. A percentage of the net profit is promised.

The band descends on the town. Its members work fast and milk it dry. They charge off plenty to expense, take their profit, and the institution may get five per cent, is lucky to get 10 per cent, and often reaps nothing at all.

If the crooks are more daring and



the city is large, they may fake a charity and work a few days, grabbing what money they can and beating it out of town before the police are aware of their racket.

Then there are the fakers who deceive the public by imitating famous charities or religious institutions. Once the Salvation Army, whose work in 98 countries around the world is known and honored, was made the target for this type of fraud. In several cities groups of men and women in blue uniforms with a familiar touch of red appeared. They used the word "Army" in their name, adding other words that gave it semblance to the Salvation Army. They carried tambourines and went up and down residential streets soliciting at Christmas time. They took in a whale of a lot of money, too.

As usual this Christmas season, there will be those racketeers to whom the war is not a sacred cause of liberty

When, in 1928, the Chicago Daily News inaugurated its now annual Christmas drive to help the 100 neediest families in Chicago, William F. McDermott was the man picked to head it. And for the next eight years, he was the man who handled the reins of the drive. In that time, he tells us, some 500,000 people were helped. Thus, he learned not only how to administer charity but also what goes on at Christmas time among the racketeers. Today, although he's no longer active on the drive, he's still very much interested in it, as you can see from the above article.



but simply another chance to get something for nothing. The public should be doubly-cautious about appeals for money which have high-sounding titles dealing with wounded, relief, charity, mercy and other theft-cloaking words. Lists of "sponsors" should not be held in too high esteem. There are plenty of prominent people who respond gullibly to any appeal, "Let us use your name for our worthy cause" when no giving of money is involved.

Wise civic leaders, however, have already taken steps to head off the parasites by establishing "war chests." Under this plan, funds are collected for charity and relief, whether for local needs or for war service, and money is pro-rated according to need and purpose. This covers local, national and foreign war relief funds, Red Cross and U.S.O., and guarantees to the giver that his money will reach only reputable organizations and that none of it will be wasted. This movement is being promoted by the Public Welfare Association of America, with headquarters in Chicago.

Battle Creek, Michigan, has a war appeals board which investigates each money-raising campaign proposed. Sponsors must establish their integrity and the need for funds. Buffalo, New York, has enrolled representatives of business, labor and women's civic groups in an "appeals review" committee which functions similarly. Minneapolis, Minnesota, has a committee of 70 charity agency directors which passes on money-raising plans.

Norwalk, Connecticut, has called on the Chamber of Commerce, city administration and community leaders to establish the merit of war and charity appeals. At Springfield, Illinois, the coordinator of the local war council and his advisors check on all fund-raising campaigns.

Local defense set-ups form war fund appeal boards in Oakland, California; Akron, Ohio; Fairmount,

West Virginia; Cleveland, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, Oklahoma City, San Francisco, Kansas City and Washington.

Incidentally, let your children share in your giving, and thereby train a generation who will be guardians of the future.

Meanwhile, charity givers at the Christmas season might welcome these hints, the product of much experience:

Look Before You Give!

1. Put charity into your budget, and give on a regular weekly or monthly basis.

2. Make the bulk of your contributions to established agencies, such as the Red Cross, Community Chest, church-supervised charities and local institutions which have proved merit and permanency. In the war emergency, make special, sacrificial gifts for the Red Cross, U.S.O., China Relief and local service men's centers.

3. Arrange to receive and peruse reports of agencies you support. Have direct contact, if possible, with agency officials. Be sure each agency issues a certified statement annually of income and outgo. Visit the activity centers occasionally. It's good discipline for those who might grow lax.

4. If you live in a city, make your gift private, insisting that your name be not given out to the public or even printed in reports. That will keep you off the "sucker list."

5. Beware of all telephone appeals for donations or ticket sales, even if you know the charity. Better Business Bureaus in 90 cities

warn particularly against this type of solicitation.

6. Close your eyes, ears and pocketbook to the handout appeal. Nine-tenths of street beggars are moochers and frauds, and money handed them might as well be thrown into the gutter. In every city are agencies equipped to care for all types of need. Support those agencies and refer mendicants to them. They will handle all cases constructively, aiding without pauperizing.

7. Don't let sympathy run away with your judgment. Feelings are a poor basis of giving—they are erratic and temporary. Make your decision after you know the facts.

8. Cultivate the spirit of charity by seeing you get full returns for your money.

9. Trust to trained workers to do the best job of relief. Volunteer workers have the feelings, but skilled workers have the judgment.

10. Give as much as possible to the preventive type of work, such as infant welfare, visiting nurses, boys' and girls' clubs, and the like. It will help prevent future ill-health and pauperism.

Coburg was the first town in all Germany to go Nazi. This is the story of how it happened . . . as told by one who escaped



Cradle of Terror

ANONYMOUS

EEDITORS' NOTE: We first met him in busy Manhattan—a sad, silent figure of a man. He was a refugee, trying desperately to rehabilitate himself. We can't tell you his name, of course—he has relatives still living over there. He told us he was from Coburg, Germany, and then he told us this story. It's far from being a newsbeat—doubtless many readers have heard it told, matter-of-factly, before. Nevertheless, we found his version well worth reading—and rereading. There was something in the way he told it—calmly, quietly. . . .

IT WAS A pleasant cool night on July 3rd. Almost the whole of Coburg turned out on the gymnasium grounds for the exercises. The songs, clear and mellow in the quiet air, could be heard a good distance away. Even as far away as the old half-timbered house where Honor Student Schwartz lived. His parents could hear them very distinctly.

As a matter of fact, Honor Student Schwartz was not present himself, though it had been a custom for 200

years or more for the best scholar in the class to deliver an oration in Latin at the graduation ceremonies. But this year the town had been nervous. Honor Student Schwartz was a Jew. In other times that had made no difference. However, this was 1928; Coburg was now a Nazi town.

The good Coburgers sighed with relief when they heard that Honor Student Schwartz had left for Berlin to visit his uncle a few days before the end of the term. They had been afraid that Nazi violence might spoil the old tradition. And, to Coburg, a tradition was more important than whether one lad spoke better Latin than another.

That is the kind of thing Hitler did to Coburg. And the story of how this came about is the case history of a town that went Nazi.

There are two stories of Coburg. The first you can read in *Mein Kampf*—Hitler's story. The second is

not so easy to come by. It can really be told only by those of us who lived in this dull provincial town of south Germany during the decade of Hitler's rise to power.

What happened first in Coburg happened later to other towns in Germany. Coburg was a test-tube experiment in how to inject the Nazi fever in plain German citizens. Fortunately, several of Coburg's citizens were immune to the virus. Some of us have made our way to America.

This is what really happened to Coburg...the way we remember it...

In 1922, when Hitler made his first speech in Coburg, our town was still talking about a wedding which occurred in 1902. It was that kind of place. The wedding had been in the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha dynasty—a dynasty of small, shrewd German princes who were the joy of royal matchmakers. Half the crowned heads of Europe had Coburg blood in their veins. And most of them came to the wedding.

The Duke of Coburg was a grandson of Victoria and Albert—brightest star in the Coburg firmament. The town bulged with cousins, second-cousins and cousins-once-removed of royalty. It was a favorite retreat for retired generals, pensioned ministers of state and widowed baronesses.

In 1922, Coburg had its face firmly fixed on the faded past. It did not approve of the Republic, and on state holidays the town's own medieval flag flew from the city hall, not the upstart red-black-gold. Though his rule had ended in 1918, the Duke

was still voted an annual subsidy by our townsfolk. Coburg sympathized strongly with the Duchess whose estates had been confiscated by the Republic. The Duchess was a niece of the Kaiserin.

There wasn't any class struggle in Coburg. The men worked at trades which had been handed down from grandfather to father to son. They were craftsmen, glassblowers, toy-makers, workers in wickerware.

Coburg's only Jewish problem had been settled a hundred years ago. With only 200 members in a town of 20,000, the Jewish community had been too small to establish a synagogue. A kindly Catholic bishop came to their aid. He gave them a small Catholic chapel and there, in this testimonial to religious tolerance, the Jews met each Friday night and listened to services by a lay rabbi. The best doctor in town was a Jew and a few other professional men were Jews. Jews owned a big department store, two shoe stores and two wicker factories. The rest were small tradesmen.

Not very promising soil for the seed of anti-Semitism.

But in that year of 1922, inflation was spelling the ruin of half of Coburg's second-cousins-once-removed. The unhealed wounds of defeat in the war were festering, and the country resounded with rabid, fly-by-night political spellbinders. The favorite movement in Coburg was a radical nationalist, revisionist party whose sponsor was the Duchess herself. Thus, when Hitler made his first appearance in October, 1922, he found few follow-

ers among Coburg's gouty princes and biliary generals.

You can read Hitler's own version of what happened in *Mein Kampf*. He mustered 800 storm troopers and took them from Munich to Coburg by special train, led by Erwin Rommel the tough Nazi desert general. The occasion was a meeting of radical Nationalist organizations in Coburg, and Hitler apparently was invited as an afterthought. He says he didn't get the invitation until 11 o'clock in the morning of the meeting.

Hitler calls this his "march to Coburg."

"During the night," he writes, "heavy clashes occurred. SA patrols had found National Socialists, who had been attacked singly, in terrible condition. Thereupon we dealt summarily with the opponents. As early as the following morning, the *red terror*, under which Coburg had languished for years, had broken down."

Actually, of course, Coburg had no "red terror." Nor did the appearance of the SA cause any particular stir. Intelligent witnesses who were on the scene can recall only two or three minor street brawls. They do not remember Hitler at all.

A few months later Hitler came back to address a meeting in the *hoffbrauhaus*. This meeting made an impression.

"I conquered Coburg," he said later. He said it many times, until it ran like a refrain throughout south Germany. It wasn't true, but the Duke and Duchess of Coburg did come to the meeting, and later the

Duke shook hands with him. Prince August Wilhelm, son of the Kaiser, was there, too, and for the first time, persons of social standing publicly recognized Hitler. In a town where the tangled skeins of a dozen petty German princeling families could be recited by any schoolboy, that gave Hitler entré. In a sense his boast was correct. Henceforth the Nazi banner flew over Coburg's real citadel, the castle of the Duke.

One November day a year later, a youngster clattered down the corridor of the old gymnasium, entered his classroom—and found it empty. This was the day of the Munich putsch. The youngster was the lone Jew in his class. In the night, couriers for the Nazis and the Reichswehr had made the rounds. The Reichswehr lads went north to join the forces marching on Munich; the Nazis went south to join Hitler. A week later they straggled back to school.

Within six months—although he probably did not realize it—Hitler might have repeated, more truthfully, his boast that "I conquered Coburg."

AT A MOMENT when Hitler was laboring over *Mein Kampf* in Landsberg fortress and his party was at low ebb all over Germany, a Nazi martyr was created in Coburg.

The martyr was a young foreman in the municipal power plant, named Schwede. Schwede was an ardent Nazi, but he had not won a following in Coburg until he launched his attack on Friedman, a Jewish businessman who had done well in the



cattle trade during the World War. Now Friedman was branching out. He had bought a fine new house and a majority interest in Coburg's big, old bratwurst industry.

Schwede's attack was a typical Nazi compound of lies, slander and filthy stories about Friedman's wife and daughters. In a small town like Coburg, too many people knew the truth to pay much attention. But Friedman was angry. He complained to Schwede's employer, and the Nazi was fired.

That made Schwede a martyr. The Nazi drums began to beat. They called for a boycott of Friedman's bratwurst. They called on the city council to give Schwede back his job. They called for a new election with Schwede as their chief candidate.

This was in 1924.

Schwede was elected to the council; he got back his job—and a promotion, too. He went to work on his political opponents and found a Socialist council member who'd been getting large sums from the city. He ruined

the man and made him turn back the money to the treasury. He picked on a second and repeated the process. Council members began to find it safer to vote with Schwede than against him. When he demanded the discharge of his old enemy, the power plant director, the council acquiesced.

By this time Hitler was coming to Coburg more frequently. He was keeping a close eye on the test-tube city. Sometimes he spoke at the *hoffbrauhaus*. Sometimes he weekended with the Duke and Duchess in their thick-walled, moated castle. The tactics that worked in Coburg he was trying more and more in other German cities.

The Nazis had acquired a newspaper in Coburg when they won over the *Schutz und Trutzbund* but they needed money to keep it going. Schwede tried to get a loan from the state bank, but was turned down. That called for a new election in which the Nazis won a solid bloc of strength on the council. When Schwede went back to the bank, he got his loan — 100,000 marks for the Nazi war chest, courtesy of the very state the party was attacking.

A little while later Coburgers began to notice a peculiar coincidence.

One of the five large castles of the town was occupied by Ferdinand, the former King of Bulgaria. He was the cousin of the Duke of Coburg and came back to ancestral Coburg after the Bulgarian collapse in October, 1918, just before the Armistice.

Ferdinand had an ancient Rolls-

Royce which every Coburger knew. And when Hitler came to town, the people would see this wheezy limousine rumbling through the cobbled streets. It would stop in front of the modest house of the lay rabbi. Then it rolled over to Friedman's fine residence and picked up the erstwhile cattle merchant. Sometimes, before heading back to Ferdinand's castle, it would take aboard a third passenger—the Catholic priest.

This was a coincidence which only Coburg could fully appreciate, because only in Coburg would it be common knowledge that Ferdinand, himself, had a strain of Jewish blood. Through the Hungarian line.

While Coburg chuckled over its genealogical jokes, Schwede worked. Signs began to appear in shop windows: "Germans only." To say, "Jews forbidden," was against the law. The boycott of Friedman was intensified. Shops which sold his bratwurst were picketed. No longer did the *Landsmannschafters* sit in the square munching the juicy sausage. They were going over to the Nazis, en masse, providing Hitler with his fighting corps.

Hitler now had the aristocracy, except for the old Bulgarian king. He had the small shopkeepers. He had intimidated the feeble working class. And the fence-sitters, those middle-of-the-roaders who made up the majority, found it easier to go along than to go against him.

In 1928 Coburg became a real Nazi town. Schwede made a clean sweep of the elections. Coburg gave

Hitler the honors of the city—the first town in Germany to do so. The Nazi Congress met in Coburg. The Nazi *Weekruf* became the official city paper. A big public works program was started—with loans from the state bank. Unemployment disappeared.

The ancient Coburg theater—the Duke's until 1918—was purged. A Jewish conductor, half a dozen Jewish singers and a Jewish critic were dismissed. Old King Ferdinand stopped going to the theater, but the rest of the town shrugged its shoulders.

Centuries-old street names disappeared in favor of Danzigerstrasse, Alsacestrasse and Adolfhitlerstrasse. The Nazis considered changing the name of Judenstrasse but finally decided that Juden did not mean Jew and kept the name. They revised Coburg's old coat-of-arms, substituting the swastika.

The Jewish community was ordered to pay rent to the town for its Catholic chapel. Friedman, at the suggestion of his fellow directors, sold out his majority control—to save the bratwurst business from total ruin.

Anyone could see the changing temper of the town. No longer were Jews invited to dinner parties or social receptions. On the streets their friends still stopped and chatted, but the Nazi wall was growing. At night Jewish shopkeepers shuttered their windows against the attacks of roving Nazi bands.

Outside of Coburg Hitler was stumping Germany.

"Look at Coburg," he shouted.

"Coburg is Nazi. Coburg has no idle. Coburg has no red terror. Coburg has no Jewish problem.

"Today," he said, "it is Coburg. Tomorrow it will be all Germany."

ONE CHILLY afternoon in late fall, a certain doctor was sitting in his surgery, reading from a stack of medical journals. No patients all day long. Now that twilight was falling they would come.

He knew what they would say.

"Herr Doktor," they would say. "We trust you. You are the best man in town. But you know our neighbors. There would be talk."

Yes, Herr Doktor—talk about Jews. Not meant for you, of course. We know that you are all right. But this agitation. . . . A man must be careful.

The doctor knew all right. He closed the medical journal, reached for a small leather folder and looked at the graph he had drawn of his practice in the last two years. The curve dropped steadily and he had drawn, in pencil, an extension of the chart. By next April, he thought, I will have to leave. Perhaps earlier, if some new agitation arises.

He was studying the graph when the bell tinkled. He smiled to himself as he looked out the window. His first patient. The shadows had grown too long, now, for neighbors' eyes.

In the spring the doctor left Coburg. He was the first Jew to go. By that time the shadows were very long over the town. They were very long over all of Germany. The Nazi conquest was complete.



Judgment Day

¶ A compassionate judge asked the unhappy looking defendant on trial for stealing a small sum of money:

"Have you ever been sentenced before?"

"No," replied the man, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry," the judge consoled, "you're going to be now."

¶ The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The judge, warning the defendant about his future conduct, said sternly:

"After this you ought to keep away from bad company."

"Yes, your Honor," the prisoner replied, "you'll not see me here again in a hurry!"

¶ A judge was displeased by the conduct of a young lawyer trying a case. He called opposing counsel to the bench and whispered:

"What did you say that attorney's name is?"

"Sunavich."

"Yes, I know he is," replied the judge, "but what's his name?"

—RAYMOND H. SCHWARTZ

Forgotten Mysteries

It took the most sober and
cooler heads of science and
of naval and military men to
believe that the disappearance
of the *Waratah* was not the
result of some sudden tempest
or to account for her loss of
power and final rest at sea
by the action of some mysterious
and unknown force.

Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain



* * * The *Waratah* was a great new ship displacing 16,800 tons when she sailed on July 26, 1909, from Durban, Union of South Africa, bound for Cape Town.

On July 27 she spoke to the freighter, *Clan MacIntyre*. When she steamed out of sight of that ship, she might as well have steamed to the moon. There, on a well traveled ocean, this huge new ship, carrying 211 persons and equipped with every known signaling device, simply vanished.

Immediately following her disappearance, three warships and two privately chartered vessels searched for months. Not a single bit of wreckage, not a life preserver, not a human body was ever discovered.

Stranger still, the *Waratah* must have vanished within sight of land. Even if some accident put her generators out of commission, she could have sent up rockets which could have

been seen by nearby ships and from the shore.

Considering all these things, it seems incredible that she should vanish as if a giant hand had plucked her from the sea. But she did.



* * * A more than peculiar celestial object was observed on June 8, 1868, at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford. The object was first seen at 9:50 P. M., a little to the west of the star, Polaris. It was stationary and resembled a comet.

Suddenly the object began to move across the sky in a westwardly direction. When it neared the star, Regulus, it veered sharply from its course, detouring towards the south, turned northward and then disappeared. The observers noted that "at one time its appear-

ance was very like that of the flames and smoke of a railway engine." In all, the object was visible for four minutes.

Meteors move at high speed, but they are seldom visible for more than a few seconds, *and they travel in a straight line*. This object appeared almost as if guided through space by some type of intelligence. But no one ever quite dared to suggest that it was a space ship. So the whole matter was simply dropped as "unexplainable."



* * * Whenever physicians fall to arguing whether a human being can predict the hour of his own death, a certain case is always brought up. Originally reported by the French physician, Dr. W. de Sermyn in *Contribution à l'étude de certaines facultés cérébrales méconnues*.

Dr. de Sermyn was treating a certain Jean Vitalis, aged 39, for a very mild case of rheumatoid arthritis. One morning Dr. Sermyn was surprised to find his patient, apparently fully recovered, walking about the house.

He told the astounded physician that his deceased father had appeared to him in a vision the day before, and after having miraculously removed his pain and fever, had told him to receive extreme unction as he would die painlessly at 9 P. M. on the following night.

As the fatal evening approached, the doctor kept the man under almost constant observation. His temperature

was normal, his heart action perfect, a man in seemingly superb health. At 8 P. M. he summoned a priest.

One minute before 9:00 he said, "The hour has come!"—lay down on the sofa and died without the slightest sound or convulsion.



* * * The tumult and the shouting about the "Chico Miracle" has long since died down, but no explanation has been forthcoming.

In July, 1921, rocks began falling from the sky in a certain section of Chico, California. The rocks were oval, varied in weight from an ounce to over a pound. They always fell straight down.

By March, 1922, the Chico Miracle had gained national fame. On March 16, there was a heavy fall of "warm" rocks; on the 17th, a deluge of stones descended upon a crowd, injuring one man.

The police of Chico searched for blocks around the affected area. They found nothing. They stationed guards around the accursed spot. The rocks still fell. Professor C. K. Studley from a local college investigated and reported in the *San Francisco Examiner* that "The rocks . . . could not have been thrown by ordinary means."

A few months later, the falling stones stopped of their own accord. And the Miracle of Chico, defying months of careful investigation, passed from the headlines.

—R. DeWITT MILLER

Take a look into darkest Africa, where natives who have never seen an automobile can refuel planes with the aplomb of veteran airport hands



America's Stake in Africa

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

FOR AFRICA, Adolf Hitler has long had great plans.

It has everything he wants: food, minerals, diamonds, soil and breathing space. His German supermen and technicians would reverse the flow of rivers, flood valleys, change climate, harness power, develop every known resource to its utmost, unearth many new ones which those stupid British and French had been too lazy to look for. It would take 50 years perhaps, but it would be a miracle the like of which the world had never seen. Yes, for Africa, Adolf has had great plans.

Not so the United States—that is, not until recently.

For years the United States didn't give a good damn about Africa. It gave us our zoo inmates, Tarzan, photos of pygmies and cannibals. It was the place where Spencer Tracy looked at an old guy with a white beard and

said: "Dr. Livingston, I presume?" Collectively, Africa concerned most of us about as much as Tibet.

But with Hitler eyeing Dakar, the United States began to stir a little uncomfortably. And with the war, Africa suddenly became a vital lifeline to the Near East, India and China. With unexpected suddenness, Uncle Sam called upon Pan-American Airways to perform a miracle: to build an airline across the heart of Africa; to bring the necessary hundreds of men to run the airline and fields; to bring the food, medicine and sanitary equipment to keep these men healthy in an area long known as the "white man's graveyard"; to bring over the fuel to run the planes, and the Diesel motors to generate electricity for lighting and air-conditioning equipment.

This was the ground work for the tremendous operations of the Air

Transport Command — which puts our planes into the eastern theatre of war. Once war was declared, of course, the Army could operate the Ferrying Command routes more openly, and by now PAA is but one of the contract operators of planes in Africa. As a matter of fact, all airline operations are but a small part of the total traffic.

TODAY, in Africa, the pioneering business goes something like this:

You're up at four-thirty a.m. and ready to begin working by five. The early morning is almost cool, usually between 90° and 100°. By eight a.m. the first rush of planes has subsided a bit, and you return to the comparative shade of the camp for some breakfast. If you've given your native cook any sort of encouragement, he has shot a gazelle for breakfast, seasoned it with raw, exotic herbs that make tabasco sauce seem flat and tasteless. You don't encourage him again.

Before you go back to the field you take your salt pill—to make up for the body's salt loss through perspiration—and your five grains of quinine. The temperature is now up to 140° or even higher, and your eyes are half-blinded with dripping perspiration.

Every 15 minutes another Army Air Transport Command Douglas DC-3 or Lockheed lands. Inside, the soft, leather individual seats have been ripped out. Long aluminum benches line each side of the plane. In the middle aisle there are a few tons of freight—jeeps, motors, engine parts,

sulfadrugs—heeded for one of the Near East fronts or for Calcutta or Chungking. The military passengers seldom rank below a major. The civilians are top ranking members of some government of the United Nations. Or an occasional newspaperman.

There are bombers, too—B-24's, B-25's, Hudsons.

The country is very flat with scattered trees and lots of low brush. The dust gets into your mouth, your nose and your eyes. The natives are used to it, and they still have the same enthusiasm when a plane lands. These Africans who had never so much as seen an auto in their lives are refueling the DC-3 with the aplomb of veteran airport hands.

About five p.m. you're back at camp, soaking. The new village of steel, pre-fabricated buildings isn't ready yet, so you're still living in your mud-houses with grass roofs and white-washed interior walls. You have an electric refrigerator. But no running water—not yet. You wash in tin basins and take showers in outside enclosures with water supplied from large oil drums.

After your shower you relax with some cold beer or a coke and tune in your short-wave set. Something in Italian comes over, and one of the boys translates it: "Large masses of American men, arms and matériel are being poured into the battle for Egypt. It weighs heavily on the Axis Command."

The men are awfully pleased with this back-handed compliment. Some turn to a game of pool or checkers



or ping-pong—or just write letters home. Funny thing about the people back home. They simply won't believe how big the mosquitoes are until you squash one at the bottom of a letter.

You went through a lot to get here. When Pan-American took you on for their African venture, you were carefully checked by the FBI and the British Secret Service. You had to pass rigid tests for eyes, heart, lungs and blood pressure. You were inoculated against typhoid, para-typhoid, yellow fever, tetanus and cholera—"against everything but financial loss," you cracked.

You are here for the duration and maybe longer—you and hundreds of others—radio men, doctors, public health experts, supply men, tractor men, meteorologists, pilots, mechanics, male secretaries, construction bosses, carpenters—all shipped and flown from America to build this air highway.

This is our first real miracle of accomplishment in Africa.

Take a good but not-too-close look at this life line: from the U. S. down the coast of South America to Brazil, across the South Atlantic to Liberia, then to Nigeria, then by stages across the heart of Africa to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan just below Egypt. Some of the planes stop at Cairo and

Alexandria. But many others scoot across to Bombay, New Delhi and Calcutta. And still some of them refuse to halt. Chungking, China, is the last stop. From the U. S. to Chungking: 17,000 miles, more than two-thirds the way around the world. A single Pan American plane shuttled 10 times in six days between Brazil and Africa. And this has become just ordinary day-in, day-out stuff.

MANY OF these men are getting to like Africa in spite of every one of Nature's terrific drawbacks. They think the place has tremendous possibilities. Many are using their spare time learning *Hausa* or *Swahili*, just two of Africa's 700 languages—the two most frequently used along the ferry route. Most of the others have picked up a good working knowledge of *small-small*, the African term for Pidgin English.*

We still tend to regard all Africans as wearing loincloths and brandishing spears. Actually, there are large colonies of educated, cultured blacks in most of the West African colonies. They include doctors, lawyers, civil service workers, hospital technicians, newspaper publishers, shopkeepers and representatives of large American and British corporations. Just outside

*See *Pacific Double Talk*: Coronet, September, '42, page 10.

of a small town in Nigeria, one engraved tombstone reads:

HERE LIES ADJIKIDJI, AGENT
FOR THE RENOWNED SINGER
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

Many of the African elite have degrees from American and British Universities. In most cases, those with American degrees had been helped by the Phelps-Stokes Fund of New York. Since 1922 some 550 African Negro students have been brought here to study at our colleges and universities. Most stayed at least five years—long enough to get their master's degree, usually in education, government or engineering. Some went on to get their doctorates.

Imbued with a heady measure of our culture, they returned to their native acres to teach, administer or build. With them they took back a sincere liking for things American.

One of them, Nnamdi Azikiwe, editor of the influential *West African Pilot*, published daily in Lagos, Nigeria, has been conducting a persistent campaign to get promising Africans to study in America. The funds raised by his paper have helped send some 15 men and women students to American universities.

Azikiwe's American training is evident in his adoption of a nickname, Zik, and in his paper, which somehow looks like an American sheet. It carries ads for Pepsodent, Ford V-8's and American films. *Racket, gang, chiseler, big money* and other Americanisms occur frequently not only in Zik's paper, but in other African newspapers and magazines. You see

American trademarks all over the place, particularly those of Gillette Blades, Exide Batteries and Ovaltine.

The one American product that has left an indelible mark on native Africa, particularly in the interior, is not advertised. It's the discarded gasoline can. It's used to mend the bottom of dugout canoes, as a canteen on long treks, as a drum, as a roofing surface for native huts.

An expedition from the American Museum of Natural History found that the natives were no longer decorating gourds with the traditional pictures of antelopes and snakes. They were using automobiles and airplanes. Another museum group visited a section of Abyssinia famous for its brilliantly dyed native baskets.

"Yes, they are selling very nicely," they were told. "But the cost of importing dyes from America is hitting us rather hard."

Until recently, a junk dealer in Brooklyn made a fine living shipping discarded Sunday newspaper colored comic sections to Africa. Traders in the interior found that their goods sold faster when wrapped in a comic section. The Africans used the colored papers to decorate their walls.

PRIMITIVE AFRICA lacks roads, railroads, bridges, boats, all types of vehicles, farm implements, machinery, household utensils and almost every modern convenience.

It could also use American agricultural experts. Soil erosion is a serious problem in most of Africa. Animal husbandry, irrigation, water

conservation and re-forestation are still in their early stages. But American farm cooperative plans have been successfully copied in some parts of the continent, particularly in the coffee and cocoa country.

The old imperialistic pattern of absentee ownership and swollen profits made through exploitation of the Africans is on the way out. The blue-sky commercial concession which gave virtual state powers to the developing corporation is pretty much out of the modern picture. Earlier this year the Portuguese Government announced that the franchise of the most influential corporation in Mozambique is not to be renewed. And other large monopolistic concessions are disappearing, too.

Ako Adjei, an African student now

in the U. S. thinks that his continent needs a new type of missionary. Missionaries of civilization: doctors, nurses and teachers of almost every useful subject.

In the Africa of the post-war era there will be a place for pioneering industrialists and technicians. The era of imperialism and great fortunes will certainly be dead. No one will again get fabulously rich out of plantations or mines in Africa.

But there will still be an honest profit and the intense satisfaction of accomplishment in a new world.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

MUMBO, JUMBO, ESQUIRE
by James Saxon Childers \$5.00
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

FOCUS ON AFRICA
by Richard U. Light \$5.00
American Geographical Society, New York



About Africa



¶ No one knows to within 25,000,000 just how many people are in Africa. There might be as few as 138,000,000 or as many as 163,000,000. Of these, only one in thirty is white.

¶ The most widely read book in Africa is the Bible, which has been translated into 250 of the 700 languages of the continent.

¶ Africa provides 26 of the 27 principal minerals of the world and its rivers and waterfalls offer potential energy three-and-a-half times that of North America.

¶ Although the second largest continent, its peasants are the poorest, earning from \$4 to \$16 a year.

—MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

In mechanized warfare, supply depots are prime targets—and quartermasters are fighting heroes who do their office work with bullets



PROPERTY
University
DO NOT R

No Quarter for Quartermasters

by SIGMUND SAMETH

IMAGINE a gigantic mail-order house which stocks 77,000 different items, from toothpicks to tractors; a globe-girdling transportation system which can route shipments from Gubyville to Baluchistan by rail, sea and camel-back as well as by plane.

Our Army's Quartermaster Corps is all of these things and more—to learn the rest of them, you'd have to read a 517-page book.

'Tweren't always so, though. In 1917, a berth in the QMC was a slacker's idea of heaven. Doughboys thought it so soft behind a desk or back of the fighting lines as a cook or baker that a hard-boiled infantry captain, now senior U. S. Senator from Iowa, made up a song which the rest of the AEF soon learned:

*Mother take down your service flag,
Your son's in the QMC . . .*

But all that's changed now. For the first time in our military history,

QMs have been equipped with weapons and made answerable for their own defense. Over the green baize plotting tables where battles are won the chiefs of tactical operations no longer speak of the QMC. Today they're known as Secondary Infantry—and they don't plod behind the lines, either. Instead, their convoys speed towards the front, penetrating the battle zone itself.

That's why the Army's brown collar men have no illusions today about their supposedly safe berths. They know in this war there are no safe places.

It was on Bataan that the QMs wrote their name in blood. They lost much of their personnel through battle wounds, but most of them, laboring to bring up the supply column, were too busy to shoulder arms. They were crushed in the debris of their bombed repair shops, or they

died on the tarmac emptying a defiant .45 caliber automatic at low-strafing Jap Zeros.

Junk the QMs patched together kept the American "bamboo fleet" in the air. A caster from a warehouse dolly replaced a tail wheel on one of the planes. Some parts were even salvaged from a motorboat taken out of Mirivales Bay. The makeshift planes were used to carry wounded soldiers out of Bataan and to bring back desperately needed medical supplies.

When field rations dwindled to a dangerous minimum, the QMs, with a handful of loyal natives, harvested abandoned rice fields and threshed the rice—personally. The QMs built corrals and rounded up the native

cattle. Even the scrawny horses and mules were slaughtered. When maggots began to infest the carcasses, QM patrols made nightly forays to the sea where they boiled water for salt. They built weirs to catch fish and gathered edible kelp in their creaking carts drawn by men, not mules. And they brought back strange and multi-colored makings of chowder—tropical crustaceans which they tasted gingerly at first to make sure they were not poisonous.

A few sacks of coffee had been cached by a farsighted mess sergeant. "Morale insurance," he had called it.

Now an oil drum was made into a coffee roaster and the precious beans boiled and re-boiled until they were almost white. With tons of metal pouring on The Rock every minute and Jap observer planes droning lazily and securely overhead, the traditional call of the Army cook still rang out: "Come and get it or I'll throw it away!"

On the QMs in those last weeks devolved also the grisly task of burial and grave registration. Serving soldiers of other arms and services in death as well as life they gathered up the valuable belongings of casualties to be forwarded to the next of kin.

And even when surrender was only hours away, the QM transport crew still tuned up their jeeps and command cars so that batteries wouldn't go dead. As one of them explained: "We wanted to be able to take the offensive if help came."

Sprawling 600-acre Camp Lee outside of Petersburg, Virginia, is where

Grub du Jour

At an army garrison, the story goes, a company mess sergeant faced a severe limitation in the variety of foods which he could offer the men—due to transport sinkings on the part of some lucky enemy subs.

Touching heads with the company clerk, he managed to publish a mimeographed menu.

On it, army beans became: *Thousand on a Plate*; stewed prunes were: *Strawberries à la Battery B*; beef stew was listed as: *Carne de Cordite*; a dessert of canned cherries and grated coconut became: *Caviar de \$50 a Month*.

They say this crude humor served to tide over company morale until new stock arrived.



fighting brown collar officers are trained.

The fall of France in 1940 brought about an enlargement of the school which was then in Philadelphia. Long courses were eliminated in favor of an intensive six-week course for enlisted specialists. Then on midnight of October 5, 1941, the Philadelphia school closed, and a minute later the one at Camp Lee was opened.

QM TRAINING is as complete as any trade school. There are 12 schools alone for cooks and bakers. Some of the other courses include bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic, mess management, material inspecting, rail and water transport, cargo stowage, construction of utility plants and use of pack animals.

The technical manuals used as texts—unassuming paper bound books by themselves—make an impressive row on the shelf: *The Inspection of Shoes*, 17 pages. *The Inspection of Meat Products*, 11 pages. *Automobile Brakes*, 82 pages. *Motor Lubrication*, 57 pages. *Mess Management*, 21 pages. And the list goes on and on, since there are phases of 117 skilled occupations to be covered.

Stop the work of the QMC for a single hour and it is unpleasant to consider what would happen to the Army. Infantry, artillery, and air

forces are on the alert only during action against the enemy, but the QMC is on the job by its own command and without ever a let up. When the hectic pace of fighting subsides, supplies and equipage must be brought to the front as reserves. Burial details must be taken care of. Salvage collection must continue uninterrupted. Dozens of unit services and repair companies must swing into action in the lull between battles.

At any time, even when they are five to a hundred miles behind the front, blitz tactics expose the QMs to the triple hazard of bombing, paratroops and fast motorized attack. They've got to protect themselves and their supplies. Therefore their fighting leader, Quartermaster General Edmund B. Gregory, says: "First we make 'em soldiers; then QMs."

They've already shown their mettle in desert, jungle and Arctic warfare.

The average American soldier eats 1,800 pounds of food a year. Keeping his stomach from growling is one of the tasks of the QMs. But it's nothing like feeding a household.

A few weeks ago 2,000,000 pounds of yeast were purchased. That's enough for 400,000,000 loaves of bread. Someone had to figure how much flour was needed and arrange for its transportation and storage.

You Name It—They've Got It!

QNot long ago it became necessary to design a new kind of asbestos mitten for machine gunners. Out went the order—in came the answer from the Quartermaster Corps. The QMs had developed a heat-resistant lining which saves half a square yard of critical material.

QA prefabricated insulated shelter was needed, in a hurry—one that could keep troops warm in the Arctic or cool in the tropics, all in one. An officer in the Quartermaster Corps performed the miracle of designing it.

QTroops in Panama demanded butter which they didn't have to pour out of a pitcher. Within a few months, the QMs had the solution: a good quality dairy butter so "stabilized" by the addition of a small part of animal fat so as to render it capable of shipment and indefinite storage—without refrigeration.

Then the proper equipment for baking, slicing, and packaging had to be on hand in the right quantities, in the right places, at the right time.*

And bread is only one item of supply!

Not all QM activities take place in the field of operations. Their nutrition laboratory in Chicago is the most modern in the country. It was here that the twentieth century miracle of dehydrated food was perfected.

That handful of grayish, stringy fibers cooks in seven minutes to an appetizing dish of mashed potatoes.

These magic dried foods, including seven popular vegetables, not only have the advantage of decreased bulk and weight but unlike tinned supplies they may be instantly destroyed instead of falling into enemy hands.

The American doughboy is the best cared-for in the world and there is plenty of evidence to that effect in the sample room in the Quartermaster

*See Coronet, May, 1942, Our Army's Menu-Maker.

General's office at Washington where thousands of items are displayed. That flattened steel drum is an Arctic tent stove. The knitted mask with eye holes in it is a face toque for ski soldiers. The canvas bag with a spigot on it is a chemical water purifier. Over near the wall are several types of pack and riding saddles. For each item accepted, experimental models have been tested, standards set up, and delivered products inspected against specification.

The fighting technicians can throw a diamond hitch on a pack mule on the steaming Mosquito Coast. They can erect lightning rods to protect a supply depot at Faxa Fiord. If a horse should throw a shoe he can be reshod on the spot by a QM farrier. Mobile Box Car Offices bring bookkeeping to the battlefield. Office work, *with bullets*, is what the Army pencil pushers get. In this war, the soldiers don't even hike back for a de-lousing. The QM brings it to them, if they

need it, in the form of a mobile sanitation unit. Likewise the laundry plant, the welding outfit, the commissary unit, all roll to the front.

"Put it on wheels and we'll keep it rolling" is the QM boast.

Which brings up the brutal fact that on the battlefield it's easier to replace a driver than a truck. Division commanders and officers of their staffs recently received diplomas as graduates of the Motor Transport Preventive Maintenance course. A cadre of enlisted QMs looked on and grinned.

The officers came in their overalls to consider the vagaries of machine nature. If a jeep stopped, a major general made it go. If a traction unit coughed and sputtered, a lieutenant colonel fiddled with the timing and the carburetor. Silver stars and bars came up greasy from the depths of six-ton engines, but never did they shine more brightly. And when the Army's big-shots finished trouble shooting, they piled into blitz-buggies and careened across obstacle studded courses, plowing through seas of mud and learning to traverse a 60-degree slope like a Sunday driver. The object of the course was to develop for officers of high rank an appreciation of the capabilities and limitations of motor vehicles.

NOT ONLY is the QMC the supply agency for every branch of the army, but it is charged with transporting the Army on land and sea. When fighting units roll to action, that's the time truck and car companies of the QMC work on the double. They load

up with units which must move fast but have no vehicles of their own. They rumble to the front in armored cargo trucks with 10-gallon bidons of fuel for the heavy ordnance vehicles which burn gasoline in terms of gallons per mile rather than miles per gallon.

In the last war the QM trucks generally took ammunition to a dump behind the lines from where it was moved up at night in small wagons to the artillery. That's too slow for this war. Now QM trucks haul "ammo" straight to the barking gun in broad daylight and under fire.

"We deliver off the tailboard and into the breech," a tough transport sergeant phrased it.

And it's no sissy's job to haul five tons of high explosive under blackout convoy when an error of judgment may send you into the ditch and Kingdom Come or certainly smash an artillery caisson or bump a dozen sleepy infantrymen into the road.

Drivers of the Motor Transport units are the best in the business. They know the tricks of the trucks. Eleven vehicles per mile and a fairly rapid pace suits them fine. If they can take a winding, tree-bordered road, even better. It reduces the possibility of air attack. But if attack comes, they're masters in the art of erratic driving—lurching stops and starts and two-wheel turns to throw the bombardier or enemy machine gunner off his aim.

They're masters of camouflage too. At dumps and railheads, they scatter their trucks out under natural or im-

provised cover. Each driver has his kit of 40 lbs. of netting which makes a cushion 12 inches thick for him to sit on. When he's not sitting on it, he's not driving, and then it's canopied over his vehicle, making it look like a clump of trees to high flying aircraft.

In areas subject to attack, the QMs protect supply piles similarly. Irregular in shape, never more than 10 feet high, they are constructed to avoid geometrical shadows observable from the air. In entering or leaving the supply depot, drivers avoid fixed and straight paths. Such paths would show up in reconnaissance photos looking like spokes of a big wheel and provide a sure map for enemy bombers.

In fixed positions such as distribution centers, supporting anti-aircraft batteries may be assigned to protect a QM unit, but on the move—which means most of the time—they must defend themselves with small arms. The aim of a strafing Stuka may be

spoiled by a coordinated burst of small-caliber fire, but it's hardly an equal battle. Just give a QM Motor Transport Company 15 seconds' advance notice, however, and they'll have a smoke-pot belching to windward. No 350 mile-per-hour pilot would dare to dive through the dense, ground hugging cloud of titanium tetrachloride if he wanted to live to dive again.

WELL THERE they are!

Those are the QMs who wear the insignia of the crossed key and saber. As you read these lines they're serving with the AEFs from Iceland to Australia and from Eritrea to the Aleutian Isles.

Softies? Slackers? Goldbricks looking for a soft berth?

If you think so you're loco.

They're the boys who keep 'em rolling—and they can stand on their own wheels anywhere.



EVEN IN THE topsy-turvy Arctic I didn't expect Christmas in October, yet in 1937 a Labrador Yuletide dress rehearsal was staged especially for my benefit.

I had a job waiting in the States and had to ship out on the last trading schooner before freeze-up. The day before I sailed, a Hudson's Bay Company official tore two leaves off the calendar so that I could celebrate Christmas with him.

What a dinner! There was whale meat *au jus* sliced from steaks 20 inches thick

and tasting like prime sirloin rather than anything fishy. And a miracle dish of roasted potatoes the size of marbles—the first potatoes grown at the Post. Our dessert was *Christmas duff* made from an old, old recipe. We washed it down with many a steaming mug-up of hot Labrador grog and a round of old drinking songs.

Christmas in October made me realize that the season of good fellowship is not bound by the calendar. It can last all year round—and I hope it does for all of you. —SIGMUND SAMETH

Picture Story:



Suffer Little Children . . .

BY THEODORE BONNEY

IN EUROPE TODAY, children have forgotten how to play. Instead they . . . face starvation . . . struggle to survive . . . wander the streets . . . wonder. These photographs were taken in cities, in towns, in villages, along the roads. All of them happened to be taken in France and in Spain, but most could be taken in many European countries today. Everywhere the fate of children is the same. One fact alone matters: the coming generation is in grave peril. This war is being done unto the children . . . unto the Europe of tomorrow.

All of these photographs are authentic. The times and places seem unimportant. Those taken in concentration camps happen to be the first ever brought out of Europe. There were over 4,000 children behind barbed wire in those camps.

The photograph above is typical—it was taken on an exile train in May of 1941. More than 600,000 human beings had been expelled from Alsace territory . . . driven into France or into Poland. Too many of them were children.



Today, throughout Spain, hundreds, thousands of children wander aimlessly through the streets, from door to door . . . lying on piles of rotten oranges stolen at railroad sidings. Shoeless . . . in rags . . . they are little beggars without any chance.



Thousands of their fathers, labeled Reds simply because they opposed the present regime, are exiles . . . or have been thrown into prisons.



The little faces of many are bloated . . . their eyes mole-like from an existence in lightless, airless, gutted houses.



Other children belong to nobody at all. Just wander about . . . facing disease and despair. And yet they expect so little . . .



. . . and are so very appealing. The Sisters of Charity are doing a magnificent job where and when they can. They give succor to a few . . . and with a noon-day meal save them from starvation.



But the children have supreme confidence . . . in spite of everything.



In France, too, food conditions in certain cities are appalling. Toulouse is one such city. There, parochial canteens are all that stand between the children and starvation.



In the concentration camps, only a few of the children may even go to school. There is no room available . . . only a windowless barrack. And only enough pencils, paper and books for a handful. Thus only the most promising are selected.



Thousands of children of the defeated French soldiers were lost in the French retreat. This little lady is going home at last. Months after the collapse of France, frantic appeals by desperate parents were still heard on the radio.



Yet somehow, in French villages and towns, even children can still manage a smile. Bread is the only staple left to them . . . And it is tightly rationed. Yet still they smile . . . and wait for the American mercy ships to come.



This little French boy is telling his friend the story of the coming of the first ship . . . how the American Indians lassoed the cows and brought them from the West and milked them in the shadow of the great skyscraper and sent the milk to them.



When the ships finally do come, Red Cross delegates work diligently with the teachers and school inspectors . . . keeping an eagle eye on the distribution of flour and milk. Often it is stored in bank vaults . . . anything to prevent "leaks."



Meanwhile, the little children of France draw pictures of John, the American sailor boy, who brings the milk to France. He has become their hero... and their friend.



And just a stone's throw from the German Armistice Commission, American flags hang gaily in rows in French children's class rooms . . . flags made by grateful mothers to hang there permanently.

SECOURS AMÉRICAIN



Everywhere in France, lines of mothers and fathers of French babies wait patiently for tiny packages of flour worth their weight in gold.



And in the schools, earnest, trustful little tots stand in line for bread and milk to give them strength.



Thanks to America and the American Red Cross, France has had three
summers with free bread. What if the granaries of Europe are empty?
Thanks to America this little lad has his family's ration.



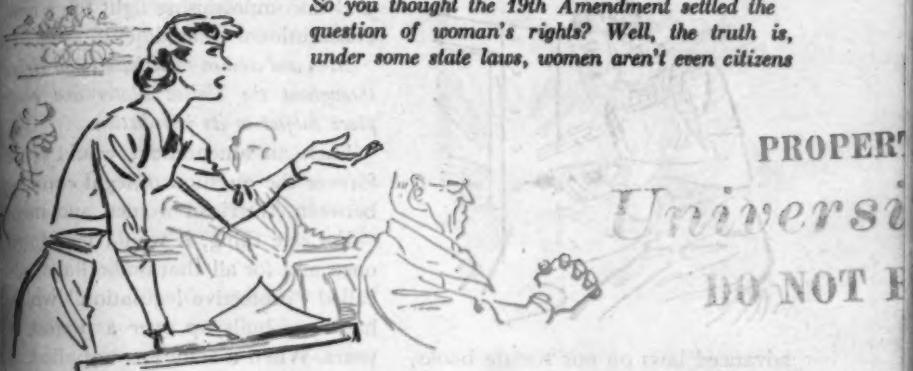
They try so desperately hard to break their silence . . . to tell us what it means to them.



Parents, teachers and children gather to greet the Red Cross delegates. There are flowers and speeches. But all they can say is "Tell the Americans Merci!"



Yes, tell the Americans who are bringing hope to the people of a conquered land. Tell the Americans who are giving back life to little fellows like this one . . . whose fates hang by a thread. Tell them Mercil.



So you thought the 19th Amendment settled the question of woman's rights? Well, the truth is, under some state laws, women aren't even citizens

Wanted: A Woman's Bill of Rights

by MABEL RAEF PUTNAM

THE PLAIN FACT is that in the United States today, women are not the equals of men in the eyes of the law!

That's something which a lot of girls like Helen MacDonald have difficulty understanding. Helen is a gauger on the night shift at Machine Gun Plant No. 2, up north of Stamford, Connecticut—a busy place. Conveyor belts feed the parts into the long assembly line; and Helen wields a micrometer with strong deft fingers, quickly rejecting parts which fail to meet the exacting standards.

Once she was a pianist in an all-girl orchestra—only it seems there is a law in Connecticut which says women can't work from ten p.m. to six a.m. So that was the end of the band.

It was about Pearl Harbor time when one of the girls in the orchestra told her about Machine Gun Plant No. 2: "They're looking for girls. . ."

Two weeks later Helen started working on the assembly line—on the midnight to eight a.m. trick. Years of training as a pianist have equipped her with the mechanical deftness needed for her work.

She wonders sometimes, though, by what twist of justice it is legal for her to work all night in a munitions factory, but isn't legal for her to play piano with an orchestra after ten o'clock at night. But she's glad to be doing her part to win the war, and so she doesn't worry too much about it.

A lot of other women, though, have been worrying about it. You see, Helen MacDonald is a walking illustration of a legal principle which, despite years of agitation and more than one Congressional inquiry, is still virtually unknown to the public.

The principle is this:

Despite the 20th century, despite women's suffrage, despite a hundred



advanced laws on our statute books, American women of today are *not* citizens under our law.

In Helen's case, what cost her her job as musician was a Connecticut statute forbidding women and minors to work at night. This law supposedly protects women's morals and women's health. Today, however, the Governor of Connecticut has suspended that law insofar as war plants are concerned.

As a matter of fact, the law books of our states are full of statutes like that—laws linking “minors and women.” Nor is the bracketing accidental. Women do have more rights than children, but in many states the difference is less than you might suppose.

It may come as a surprise to many that the 19th Amendment (which gave women the vote) has not settled, once and for all, the question of women's rights. The 19th Amendment gave women the right to vote—period. Nothing more.

And so for 23 years, led by a group of women—the National Women's Party—American women all over the country have carried on a patient

and uncompromising fight for a new constitutional amendment:

Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction.

Such an amendment would settle forever the question of legal equality between American women and men.

For one thing, it would tear down once and for all that umbrella of so-called “protective legislation” which has been built up over a period of years. When a state law—applied to woman only—decrees that she may work only eight hours, a man, not limited as to the number of hours he may work, usually gets the job. Similarly, curfew laws forbidding women to work at night, when the pay is higher, restricts them to the lower paying daytime jobs.

Another abuse which such an amendment would end is the constantly recurring drives to bar all married women from seeking gainful employment. Within the last few years, bills have been introduced into no less than 20 state legislatures to prohibit women from working for wages.

Naturally, the advent of war and America's need for every working hand has put a damper on such restrictive legislation. But the custom of permitting one set of rules for women and a second for men is too deeply rooted to suffer a sudden death—barring a constitutionally authorized execution.

At the very moment, incidentally, when protective legislation was being set aside to bring women into the war factories, a hard-fought Congressional

battle was being waged over a tax proposal which would—substantially—have reestablished the rule of the middle ages whereby the husband was considered the master of the income which his wife produces.

This arose over the proposal that husbands and wives be required to file joint income tax returns—and in the name of the husband!

The idea behind the proposal, of course, was to prevent couples in the higher income brackets from splitting their income to avoid the higher tax rates that would apply if they were to report a single lump sum. What the Treasury overlooked, however, was that the proposal ignored the fact that the husband and wife are separate entities. In effect it would have undone much that woman has gained during 100 years in the direction of independence and the control of her own property and earnings.

UNFORTUNATELY, the root of such legal discrimination against American women is, as I have said, imbedded very deep. It goes back, in fact, to the old English common law which regarded women as the chattels of their husbands or fathers. When a woman married—so far as the law was concerned—her identity disappeared. Her property, earnings, children—all these were handed over to her husband to have and to hold—or to sell, if he preferred.

As Blackstone, the Bible of the law, put it: "The husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband."

Today things are different, of course



—some progress has been made. But not as much as you might suppose.

In South Carolina, for instance, courts have held that even a wife's clothing belongs to her husband. And in 15 states it's the father—not the mother—who has sole right to the custody, services and earnings of a youthful son who, let us say, delivers a paper route.

In no less than 40 states, a husband has a vested right, to a greater or lesser degree, in the services of his wife. Both North and South Dakota, for example, permit a husband to take away all the money his wife obtains from any source—whether from working as a stenographer or selling eggs.

And in Georgia, a wife can't go into court and sue for wages rightly due her unless her husband gives his okay. This is the same state in which a father actually may *will away an unborn child from its mother!*

In Florida, women fare especially badly under the law. Its law holds that when a woman marries, the property she acquired before marriage passes under the control of her husband! Only by petitioning the court

to examine her "capacity, competency and qualification" and, if satisfied, to issue her a license as a "free dealer," can she carry on.

The handicaps a woman faces when she goes into court are so great that it would take a small book to list them all. In North Carolina and Texas, a woman can't go into business unless she and her husband go before a judge and get him to issue a special order permitting her to do so. Once, in Texas, when Ma Ferguson was elected governor, she felt the need of going to court to have removed her disabilities as a woman. She did this to keep lawyers from challenging the legality of her actions simply on the grounds that she was a woman.

The list goes on and on:

IN Washington a married woman cannot sue anyone for even personal injury damages without her husband joining her in the suit. *He*, however, can sue alone for damages to *her*!

In Oklahoma, women are barred from all high public offices.

Mabel Raef Putnam has crusaded for women's rights since the last war. Under her leadership the Wisconsin Equal Rights Law was enacted on June 21, 1921. She helped found the National Woman's Party, reorganized in '21 to obtain equal rights for women. And she was Wisconsin Chairman of the Woman's Party for five years. Trained originally as a musician, she decided that "knowledge of what makes the world go round was more necessary." So she turned to the social sciences and soon became immersed in the fight for women's rights. For the past few years, she's been a newspaper writer.

Twenty-two states still deny women the right to serve on juries. It goes without saying, of course, that they may be tried by one, though.

Whatever the fate of the equal rights amendment, there seems little doubt that the war has focused a spotlight on the question of whether women are to become the actual, legal equals of American men.

One other important milepost on the road to gaining equal rights must be mentioned here. It is the Wisconsin Equal Rights Law, passed in 1921. It is the only existing state counterpart of the proposed national amendment, and like the proposed amendment, it is a blanket act—that is, an act to remove all discrimination in one fell swoop, without actually specifying all the provisions to be removed.

Passed at the tail end of an active session, 21 years ago, it was offered as much in the spirit of a joke as anything else. But it proved to be political dynamite. It carried Governor Blaine of Wisconsin through a second term and on into the U. S. Senate. It lifted revisor of statutes Charles R. Crownhart, who drew up the bill, into the state supreme court. Others, who opposed it, were carried into political oblivion.

In less than a year after its passage, women were exercising their rights under it. For one thing, they exercised their right to choice of residence. One mother, unable to leave her small children in town to vote at their farm where her husband maintained his voting residence, finally learned the meaning of suffrage. And other mar-

ried women flocked to take civil service exams previously closed to them.

Moreover, the Wisconsin Supreme Court has sustained the act.

Prior to its passage, a married woman possessing property might endorse her husband's note to secure a loan, but she had not been held liable. After its enactment, a Milwaukee man borrowed \$10,000 at a bank. His wife, a woman of wealth, endorsed his note. The man did not pay, and the bank brought suit against both husband and wife. She claimed she was not liable, but the courts held her liable under the Act.

Thus, for 21 years, the Wisconsin law has been upheld repeatedly and literally by the courts. Leading citi-

zens of the state have expressed pride in its operation. Never once has there been an effort to have it repealed.

And today, as America approaches the threshold of a decision on the question of whether women shall continue to be barred from full participation as citizens in the life of their country, the Wisconsin law is probably the best argument yet advanced by the women. It works!

The last war gave women the right to vote. This war may yet give women "equal rights throughout the United States."

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

CREATED EQUAL

by Alma Lutz

\$3.50

John Day Company, New York

Santa Claus Goes to School



IN ALBION, NEW YORK, 45-year old Charles W. Howard is actively engaged in helping to make Santa more believable to America's 55,000,000

children. Undisputed dean of all Santa Clauses, he runs the only *Santa Claus School* in the world.

Howard is unquestionably the greatest living authority on the Yuletide Saint. He has devoted most of his life to the cause of Santa Claus, simply because he believes in the beauty of the spirit which the character represents in the minds of children. He feels this illusion is being destroyed by the wide variation of Santa characterizations.

Inspired by these convictions, Howard started his unique *Santa Claus School* in

1937 on the lawn of his farm in Albion, with six pupils. The school is open for six weeks each summer and the required training consists of both class work and home study—leading up to final exams which are given by correspondence.

Before they are even accepted for enrollment, however, the applicants must measure up to Howard's physical dimensions for the perfect Santa: height, about 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, around 200 pounds; girth, approximately 48 inches.

This December some 150 graduates—each with a B.S.C. (Bachelor of Santa Claus) degree—will be playing "standardized Santas" in department stores, churches, clubs, communities, schools, and homes throughout the nation. Their costumes, beards, and make-up will all be uniform—and so will their actions.

—WILLIAM HARDWICK

The Best I Know

The cream of the humor crop, these favorite anecdotes of your favorite personalities will provide you with chuckles galore

DOWN ON HIS luck and flat broke, Joe Frisco, the comedian, was in Hollywood.

But lo and behold, at Santa Anita he met an old friend, a writer from good old Broadway who had just sold a story and was loaded with greenbacks.

Wasting no time, Frisco established immediate friendly relationship with the fellow by telling him he had all the winners for the day. He also explained that he was momentarily short of funds. But if his new buddy would care to go 50-50 — 50 dollars for Joe and 50 dollars for him on each race . . . ?

"After all, it's only money," the writer reasoned, and so he agreed to Frisco's plan. Before each race, Joe, loaded with hot tips, bet 50 dollars



for himself and 50 dollars for his new found angel. Eight races came and went, and Joe didn't cash a ticket all day. He had lost \$800 of his friend's money.

When Frisco returned to town that evening, he told one of his cronies the entire story—how the writer had backed Joe on the eight sure things, without even the semblance of a winner.

The friend listened attentively to the end, then shook his head sadly:

"Better stay away from that guy, Joe, he's bad luck."

—CLEM McCARTHY

HITLER GOES to the edge of the English Channel and stands there, looking longingly across the water. He decides that the problem is too much for him and summons the oldest Rabbi in the country, who he believes can give him expert advice.

Hider explains his problem and the Rabbi says, "Oh, that's not so difficult. Moses had the same problem three thousand years ago."

"What did Moses do?" asks the Fuehrer.

"Oh, he solved it very simply," answers the Rabbi. "All he did was to pick up a certain stick, strike the water and everything was handled."

"That's just what I wanted to know," exclaims Hitler, "Where is that stick?"

And the Rabbi replies: "In the British Museum."

—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
*Photographer, author of
Shooting The Russian War.*

A TENNESSEE hillbilly had been calling on his girl for almost a year, when pappy finally cornered him one night and asked:

"Tell me, you've been seeing Nelly for nigh onto a year—what are your intentions — honorable or dishonorable?"

The hillbilly's eyes sparkled: "You mean I got a choice?"

—HARRY HERSHFIELD
Originator of Abe Kibble

"I," says one jailbird to another, "you subtract 6 years from 99 years, what's the difference?"

"Yeah, you said right!" replied the other. "Who cares?"

—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN (*Variety*)

A FELLOW named George went to see a friend who was in the accident department of a hospital.

George went into the room and

found Jack swathed in bandages. Jack blinked one exposed eye at him and said:

"Hello, George."

"How are you feeling, Jack?" asked the visitor.

"All right," said the sick man. "But I've been thinking. George, you were with me the night this happened. Can you tell me about it?"

"Of course," said the friend. "You know we were all up at Ed's place on the tenth floor of that apartment house, don't you?"

"Sure."

"And we all had quite a lot to drink?"

"Oh, I remember that."

"Well, do you recall standing on top of the bookcase and offering to bet anyone that you had wings and could fly up to the ceiling?"

"Gosh, I don't recall that," said the patient. "What in heaven happened next?"

"Well, you opened the window and said you were going to fly up to the roof and back."

"I see. So that's what happened. But tell me, George, why didn't you stop me?"

"Why didn't I? Because, Jack, I was betting on you."

—RUDOLPH GANZ
President of Chicago Musical College.

*Effective with this issue, readers are cordially invited to contribute their favorite stories to *The Best I Know*. A payment of \$10 will be made for each item accepted. Address: *The Best I Know*, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will receive the most careful consideration.*

These animals earn their de luxe room and lavish board—by manufacturing in their bodies chemical magic which helps conquer disease



Animals as Allies

by PRISCILLA JAQUITH

JUMBO IS A Belgian draft horse—1A, to judge by his record.

He weighs a ton. He lives in state in a brick-lined stall with a thick-piled rug of hay softening the floor and a fly trap dangling in one corner. In the other corner his own personal drinking fountain trickles crystal-clear water.

Jumbo has saved the lives of 2,600 children and earned \$65,000 doing it. He is the king of the stables at Lederle Laboratories' big serum farm in Pearl River, New York. That makes him the most dramatic example of the tens of thousands of animals—horses, cows, rabbits, guinea pigs, monkeys, rats and mice—which are helping night and day in the laboratories scattered across America to save the lives of our men at the front.

Walk along any of the docks up and down our seaboard (if you can get permission) and you'll see the steve-

dores sweating to load the steel-gray freighters with boxes of serums, anti-toxins and vaccines for our men and for our allies. Or step into any of the Army induction centers and watch the boys getting the "hook," those swift injections that keep them safe from tetanus, typhoid and smallpox.

Producing and testing medicines and serums to stave off these diseases (as well as gas gangrene, typhus, cholera and dozens of others) is the job of Jumbo and his animal co-workers. It is a job that, for some animals, has tripled since Pearl Harbor. At one of New York's big laboratories it takes 133 rabbits and 130 dogs to do a job that 100 could handle before. That is typical of many labs throughout the nation.

Why so much more work? Two reasons. Our government is buying and shipping vast quantities of serums and anti-toxins—how much, no one is

permitted to tell. At the same time, we are financing all kinds of experiments to discover ways to make life easier for the soldier—experiments in shock, contaminated wounds, the flyer's dreaded blackout . . .

In all these scientific forays, Jumbo and his colleagues lead the way. Tens of thousands of them; yet even at that, barely enough. In June, one New York scientist spent two days phoning dealers to find six guinea pigs. In July, Dr. Rosette Spoerri, parasitologist at Columbia University Medical College, had to send a boy 10 miles to Brooklyn and pay a dollar to get three tadpoles, formerly available for 15 cents in any pet shop.

To take up this slack, many of the big labs are raising their own small animals now. Lederle, for instance, has been breeding its own guinea pigs ever since Pearl Harbor.

At the same time, hundreds of civilians have knocked together hutches of grocery boxes in their backyards and started to raise the beasts.

It's not so easy to do, though, says Arthur Weygandt, secretary of the American Rabbit and Cavy Breeders Association which has just put out a bulletin: *Breed Rabbits for Victory*. The animals don't reproduce quite so fast as all that. It takes every bit as long to get one guinea pig baby as it does to get a puppy—63 days. And at that, you'll only get three guinea pigs where you could reasonably expect six or seven pups.

And while it is true a doe rabbit can turn out eight or nine babies in 31 days, the little ones are very, very

finicky—and hard to raise. They frequently die of pneumonia, snuffles or a liver disease called coccidiosis.

That is why, in today's market, rabbits and guinea pigs fetch twice as much money as they did a year ago. For they are valuable now. They have important work to do.

So important that almost no one is permitted to go through the labs where they are turning out medicines for the Army, Navy and Marines. I was fortunate that Coronet arranged such a trip for me through the biggest serum factory in the world—Lederle's 200-acre farm. Up there in the placid countryside of Rockland County, everyone is working overtime for Uncle Sam, working overtime inside barbed-wire fences with armed guards at the gates. Eighteen hundred men and women toil in 93 buildings.

As for animals, 8,000 rabbits, 600 horses, 30 cows, 2,000 hogs and sheep, rats, mice, dogs, monkeys, and even a donkey fill the pastures and laboratories of Lederle.

Their food bill would stagger a

Priscilla Jaquith says if she had the patience, she would be one of the white-coated assistants at Lederle Laboratories. One of her first jobs was keeping track of the work of a group of animals in peace-time—a laboratory-full of white rats at Cornell University which were eating their way to health or illness on all kinds of diets to prove the value of vitamins to humans. She finished the job, filled with great respect for scientists and for the part animals play in such research. Next best to doing the actual scientific investigation, she told us, "there isn't a story I'd rather do than one that tells about such investigations."

Prominent Citizens

¶“OLD GRAMPAW” was a friendly rabbit at Lederle’s who used to stick his long rabbit’s nose through the bars of his cage to get it scratched. Not a keeper ever passed his cage without stopping to indulge Grampaw’s whim. When he finally died of old age, he left a record of 4½ quarts of blood donated to pneumonia victims.

¶BUGLE, A WHITE rat, had the run of the Lederle laboratory and was the particular pet of one keeper. When the keeper tapped on the table, Bugle would jump to the table-top, run up the man’s arm and perch on his shoulder waiting for a tidbit of cheese.

¶KITTY, A SPOTTED Arabian mare, loved sandwiches. Stablemen used to share their ham-on-rye with her at lunch time. Kitty repaid this devotion by producing a fine, healthy colt—almost a carbon copy of herself.

¶A LITTLE Missouri donkey at Lederle’s, which formerly had traveled with Al Smith during his presidential campaign, helped the stablemen initiate newcomers to their ranks. “Take a ride,” they would urge the newcomer. “It’s fun.” The donkey did the rest. Three steps, then a balk so violent it would toss the rider in a heap on the ground. During working hours, the little donkey produced hemolytic amboceptor—a substance used in Wassermann tests.

housewife. In one year, keepers order three tons of salt blocks, 720 tons of timothy, 112 tons of carrots, 60 tons of bran, 625 tons of mixed grain, 280 tons of dried alfalfa, 40 tons of green alfalfa, and 104 tons of peat-moss bedding for the rabbits. Celery tops come piled on trucks like loads of hay. It costs about \$1.35 a day for a horse’s board and keep and 17 cents for a rabbit.

Lederle’s keepers don’t breed either of these animals. Scouts buy them. They pay for the rabbits at so much a pound and prefer the big Chinchillas, the furry gray ones.

But choosing rabbits is a cinch compared to choosing horses. How do you

pick a horse that will be a good serum-producer? Dr. Charles H. Higgins says “by guess and by gosh.” Nobody knows, you see, why one horse can manufacture in his body the chemical magic to conquer pneumonia, and another can’t. But in general, a horse that weighs between 1,100 and 1,200 pounds and is nervous and active will make the best serum.

Each of the Lederle horses has his own stall in one of five stables scrubbed as clean as a Dutchwoman’s kitchen. Each gets groomed every day (Jumbo, sometimes with a vacuum cleaner); and each is fed enough hay for a plow horse. The serum producer needs it. Though he looks as lazy as a cow

chewing her cud under an elm, he is working hard. For it takes a lot of energy to build disease-fighting blood. And a lot of time, too.

LONGEST of all serums to produce is gas gangrene anti-toxin. A horse works for 18 months to get serum strong enough to protect a soldier from that deadly disease. Out of a herd of 25 horses, probably only a dozen will be able to do it.

Right now twice as many horses are working on that anti-toxin as before Pearl Harbor. Here's how they do it: Once the scientists decide how large a herd to enlist on that particular job, keepers earmark the selectees. Then each horse gets a shot of the poison from the bacillus injected under his skin—not enough to hurt him, but enough to make him start fighting the disease and building up anti-toxin in his blood. Because five different kinds of bacilli can cause gas gangrene, each horse on that shift must be injected with each of the five poisons.

Keepers watch him closely. Every few weeks they tap a vein in his neck (he feels it about as much as you feel a pin prick) and draw off a little blood to see how things are going. They whirl this blood the way you churn butter until they have separated the corpuscles and fibrinogen and drained off the clear golden liquid—the serum. Then they add to this anti-toxin as much of the gas gangrene toxin as they wish.

And here's where the rabbits and guinea pigs step in and do their bit. They take a shot of this mixture of

toxin-anti-toxin, and thanks to standards established from years of research, scientists can tell the strength of the serum by the health of the guinea pig or rabbit.

Animals on a serum farm follow a schedule as steady as that of a commuter. Every two weeks, they give up their quota of blood: for a rabbit, a thimbleful taken from a little muscle in his heart; for a horse, about two gallons taken from a vein in his neck. It doesn't hurt them a bit. Right after the blood-letting, the rabbits hop about their hutches and the horses munch hay as contentedly as ever.

Two days later, they get another injection of germs or their poisons to start a fresh cycle. And two weeks later, they donate their blood again.

Jumbo, who has grown fat on this treatment during his 13 years at Pearl River, has given up more than 80 times as much blood as flows through his veins at any one time.

But the animals aren't the only ones who work at making serum. Inside the low, cool laboratories, girls in crisp white uniforms and men in starched duck coats carry on thousands of painstaking tasks.

In one room, girls are testing the strength of rabies vaccine in the most delicate operation of all. They have to inject into one vein in the hat-pin-like tail of a tiny white mouse a syringe-full of vaccine. Men can't do it—even the girls have to soak the mouse's tail in xylol so it swells a little before they are able to.

In the room next door, a woman is shearing the back of a gray Chinchilla.

Soon, she'll mark it off in squares like a checkerboard with an indelible pencil and start testing each square with smallpox vaccine.

In another lab, a man is adding pepsin to Jumbo's blood to digest it chemically. For some people are allergic to the proteins in a horse's blood and so, before they ship it off to you, Lederle's doctors obligingly "take the horse out of the serum."

In its 36 years as one of our biggest serum manufacturers, Lederle has made many original researches.

At the present time, horses at Pearl River are manufacturing in their bodies substances to keep soldiers free from gas gangrene and lockjaw and save service men as well as civilians from pneumonia, diphtheria, meningitis and scarlet fever. Heifers, their bellies painted brilliant green, are helping make vaccine for smallpox.

Rabbits, thousands of them, are turning out a new kind of serum, one now being used by Army doctors in every induction center in the country to tell what group of blood runs in each soldier's veins. You can see the results by looking at the little metal tag a service man wears around his neck. Stamped inside a circle are the initials A, B, AB, or O, letters that tell what kind of blood he can safely take into his veins. If he's wounded and needs blood in a hurry, that letter may save his life.

Still other rabbits at Lederle's are turning out serum to fight pneumonia and streptococcus and help the doctor diagnose illnesses. And guinea pigs test all kinds of serums and vaccines.

It's a full-time job for any animal. But one that pays off in more than money. For, in their own way, they are doing their part, too.

A FRECKLE-FACED, red-headed choir boy with the voice of an angel caroled from halfway up Radio City one twilit Christmas Eve a few years ago. As he finished his song, the crowd of so-called hard boiled New Yorkers in the street below spontaneously burst into song.

Everyone was singing. Everyone, that is, but a man and woman near me. He was wearing the muffler, fitted coat and pointed-toe shoes of Central Europe; she, the chic black garb of Paris or Vienna. I mentally tabbed them "refugees—probably from Austria." In the interlude before the next song, the

woman asked me, "Who are all these people?"

I told her most of them worked in the nearby buildings and stopped to hear the Christmas carols and join in the singing on their way home from work.

She thanked me and turned to her husband. "They live here, these people," she said. "And they are so happy, they sing."

A simple remark, but one with the kernel of Christmas in it and one that I would like here and now to echo for Coronet readers.

May you all be so happy this Christmas, you sing! —PRISCILLA JAQUITH.

A house will catch fire two minutes from now—will it be yours? And if it is, will you know how to make the first minutes of fire-fighting count?



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How to Fight a Fire

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

EVERY OTHER MINUTE an American home catches fire.

Many such outbreaks get bad because nobody discovers them in time. But a larger number of fires get out of hand simply because those who *do* discover them don't know what to do.

Today a lot of us are nibbling at the fire problem through instruction in the handling of incendiary bombs—which, of course, we hope will never fall. Yet if they *do* fall, you and I and the man next door had better know something more than a nibble's worth about fire fighting. The fire department will be mighty busy then, and we might have to shift for ourselves.

But you don't have to look ahead for reasons why you should understand a few, plain truths about fires and how to fight them—not so long as we're still burning 30 homes every hour *without* any assistance from air raiders. What's more, you can't just

"replace" these homes today—insurance or no insurance.

Yes, a few highlights on a subject that is red hot—literally and figuratively—might not be amiss as we go into the winter "fire" months.

To begin with, of course, the first thing to do always when you discover a fire is: **CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!**

Obvious, you say. Yet there are literally thousands of cases every year wherein 10 or 20 people, excited and confused, all try to combat a growing blaze. Armed with inadequate equipment and inadequate knowledge, they merely get in each other's way for 20 or 30 futile minutes. Then, when the fire drives them out, somebody finally turns in an alarm. That's one of the things that happened on the ill-fated *Normandie*—but let's not get into *that*!

All fires are the same size when they start. Which means that if you'd give trained men a crack at the job when a

minimum of effort will accomplish a maximum of results—well, there wouldn't be so many total losses. Firemen say the first five minutes at a blaze are worth the next five hours. They'd *much* rather make a run to a fire you've already put out than to get a belated summons to one that's already put *you* out.

And even if it's "out," the boys would like to look at it for safety's sake. In Youngstown, Ohio, for example, a small fire started in a factory when sparks from a cutting torch blew against a fibreboard partition. The half-dozen workmen present quickly put it out with a hose from the nearby standpipe—and went back to work. Just one-half hour later the same fire they'd "put out" was coming through the roof—and the final cost of that insignificant blaze was \$400,000.

Why? Because inexperienced men didn't realize their little blaze had gotten *through* the partition and was spreading upwards into the hidden void beyond. Next time you see firemen ripping up a place after the fire has been extinguished, just remember this one incident of thousands like it.

Pending the arrival of the firemen, of course, you can do whatever is within your power to check the spread of the flames or, what's just as bad, the *rising heat* billowing up from the seat of the outbreak. Few laymen realize that the average fire spreads faster through this rising heat than it does by eating its way from one combustible to the next. Apart from the serious life hazard to people above the blaze, this has a direct bearing on the

most natural mistake people make upon discovering a fire: *they run off and leave the door of the burning room open!*

IN A New York skyscraper, a blaze which started in a bunch of oily waste at the foot of a cable shaft did \$75,000 worth of damage on the 35th floor of that building. The *RISING HEAT* simply flooded up the shaft, swept in the only open door, and ignited the combustibles in an office up there, quite unknown to the solitary workman in the basement who was trudging off for an extinguisher to put out his bonfire!

If a fire can spread that way to a height of 350 feet, it can do it even more quickly in your 2½-story home. So if you open a door and find a room on fire—or if a fire starts in the room you're in—*slam the door shut* when you run to call the firemen!

After that, what you do depends upon what equipment you have and how far the outbreak has progressed. If the heat in the fire room is punishing—or if the smoke is dense, black and rather lazy looking—then you'd better get out and *stay out*. Hard as it may be to replace your home today, it's harder still to replace your life.

But while most laymen will retreat before intense heat without any urging, they are less likely to back out of thick, black smoke until it is too late. Yet of the two, the smoke can be far more dangerous. If it is very heavy, dark-colored and slow-moving, it is usually the product of incomplete combustion and loaded with carbon monoxide. Firemen would 10 times rather see vicious flames any day!

It's a good rule for the householder never to venture into a room charged with such smoke if he is alone. Tie a clothes line around your waist and let somebody outside the door hold the other end of it. Or—if you have an extinguisher or garden hose handy, go (or send somebody) outside to break the windows of that room. This will admit fresh air, of course, and stimulate the fire. By the same token, it will help ventilate and consume the gas which may otherwise drop you in your tracks.

On the subject of smoke, two popular fallacies merit mention. One is the theory that a wet towel around the face will serve as an emergency gas mask; the other is that the air closest to the floor is always purest.

On the first score, don't waste much time with the wet towel—it is of absolutely no value in filtering out the toxic gases which really do the damage. In extreme cases, a wet towel or blanket worn over the head, face and shoulders will provide some temporary protection against intense heat if, say, you should be searching for some missing member of the family.

Incidentally, if the missing member should be a child, *don't fail to look under the beds*: that's where firemen find them seven times out of ten!

Regarding the second point, the air nearest the floor is hardly ever the "urest" air in a fire room. True, most gases of combustion rise with the heat to the highest level. But in a fire there are also numerous gases of distillation, most of which are heavier than air. These sink to the lowest



level. Just as lethal as the lighter gases, the heaviest concentration of them will be close to the floor.

This, by the way, is one reason the American fire service has never accepted the British civil defense teaching of "belly-whoppering" into a room to fight a fire bomb. Repeated chemical tests have taught American firemen that the safest air in a fire room is likely to be about three or four feet above floor level; hence they are more apt to crouch or kneel on one knee when the heat beats them down rather than to lie prone.

But all this presupposes that you have *ready for use* a garden hose, an extinguisher, water pails, wet brooms, rugs or some sort of first-aid appliance commensurate with the size of the outbreak. If you are there empty handed, clear out and start looking up *To Let* ads in the newspapers.

If you do have a hose or an extinguisher, there are a few other details to keep in mind, for neither is magic in itself. With an extinguisher, always remember to aim the stream at the

base of the flames. If it's a water-type extinguisher, you want the water *on the burning material* to cool it below the combustion point. If it is a chemical extinguisher, hitting the blaze low will allow the smothering gas from the extinguishing agent to roll up with the flames, helping to snuff them out all the way. In either case, the extinguishing agent—be it water or chemical—should hit the stuff that's burning, not the flame or smoke it gives off.

THE MOST frequent mistake of the layman—even of the novice fireman—is to start squirting water as soon as he sees a goodly cloud of smoke. This is perfectly futile, inasmuch as the smoke may come from a fire in another room or on another floor, even. So the stock command to firemen new on the job is: *Don't open that nozzle until you see FLAME!*

Another thing drilled into rookie firemen is the principle of dispersion: keeping the nozzle moving back and forth, up and down, to get water *all over* the burning mass instead of committing the blunder of giving a one-spot delivery. And although this applies more to a powerful stream on a big blaze, it has some application, too, to the burning rubbish pile in your attic or basement.

Nor is the job ended with the extinguishing of the visible flame. That done, it is necessary to carefully turn over all the embers and douse every spark or flame which appears. In the case of a trash fire, when the whole thing is saturated, the pile of rubbish should be carried outside



If a fire ever starts in Paul W. Kearney's house, he'll know what to do—from taking care of the gases on "The Deadly Top Floor" (see Coronet for February, '42) to putting out any kind of blaze. He's a one-man fire department, having written countless articles and two books on fire prevention. Born 40 years ago in New Jersey, he attended NYU, went to work in the direct mail advertising field. He didn't like office-hour-keeping, though, and soon started free-lance writing.

where a rekindle can do no harm.

Recalling the Ohio incident, it is obvious that any substantial body of fire that has burned on a wooden floor or against a hollow wall is likely to cause complications which require professional attention. If you are remote from a fire department, however, or if their response is delayed—as it will be under air raid conditions—it will pay you to check on this contingency of the hidden spark to the best of your ability. Feel the walls in all the rooms directly above the point where the fire was; look for paint blisters on ceilings in the rooms above and in the room immediately below the point of origin. Any symptoms of heat in remote areas mean trouble. And if trained help is not likely to be on hand quickly, better chop a small hole in the offending wall or floor and get water in there. Without a hole, this will be a tough job, to be sure—needless to say, you had better get one!

Two other types of domestic fires which are simple enough at the start but often wind up disastrously are the

grease fires in the kitchen and the well-known chimney fire. With the former, it is often sufficient to clap a lid on the cooking pan. Otherwise, salt is a good extinguisher; baking soda (bicarb) is even better if you can throw it in a heavy dust across the flame rather than in solid handfuls. Sand, which can be had in larger quantities for less money, is also excellent. Americans who have supplied their attics with sand against the threat of fire bombs, could do worse than put an extra pail of it in the kitchen where you're liable to have a fire *any* day—war or no war.

Although firemen have long used water from special "fog nozzles" on grease or oil fires, water in a solid stream, such as the householder might have, is definitely not recommended because it both scatters and floats the blaze. Neither is water recommended on the average chimney fire, since it often cracks the flues and leads to more serious trouble later. Here again, salt or sand thrown down the chimney from above is a better bet. Or if you have a carbon tetrachloride pump gun in the house, squirt the fluid on the live coals in the stove or

furnace (with the dampers open) so the extinguishing gas can float up the chimney and do its work.

Most important of all, though, in successful fire fighting—whether by the lone householder or by the biggest department in the country—is *quick action*. I say again that *all fires are the same size when they start!* Belated discovery takes a huge toll in lives and property because fires have such an uncanny knack for starting at night and getting well under way before detection. And while factories, stores and offices equip themselves with one of the numerous approved devices for automatically reporting fires—not so much attention has been given to similar protection for homes.

There *are* a half-dozen or more automatic fire alarms for domestic use, though. And not too expensive. Perhaps your insurance agent can locate one or more for you. If so, a good one—kept in operative condition—is the first essential to successful and safe fire fighting.

Those firemen, you see, know whereof they speak when they say: **THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES AT ANY BLAZE IS WORTH THE NEXT FIVE HOURS!**

Signs of the Times

¶A shoe repair shop in Canada has placed large, photographic likenesses of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito in its window display. Under the photographs is the single line: "Don't worry! We'll take care of those heels!"

¶A Washington, D. C., dealer in monuments, memorials and tombstones cleared his show window, except for a single plain, polished monument. On it, he had carefully inscribed: "A. HITLER."

Not of Our Species

Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show

• • • Friends of Elsa Maxwell rented their home in London and moved to a hotel in another part of the city. However, their chow, Ming, kept returning to his old home. He would usually arrive there about nightfall scratching on the door for admission.

One evening he arrived just as the air raid sirens screamed. Several times the new occupants of the house ordered the dog to leave. He merely wagged his tail. In desperation they phoned the dog's owner and asked her what they should do.

"Put Ming on the phone," ordered his mistress.

The dog was carried to the phone and the receiver was held to his ear. The voice coming over the phone was heard to say:

"Ming, you're a bad dog. Come home at once!"

Instantly, the dog dashed for home

—while around him crashed the eggs which the Luftwaffe was diligently laying.

—From George W. Lyon
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

• • • One of those letters which all women dread was received by Mrs. Winnifred Davies of Vancouver, Canada, in the early spring of 1915—"We regret to inform you . . . that your brother, Captain James McKinnon . . . killed in action . . ."

The day after the letter was received, Capt. McKinnon's airedale, Rags, gave up his habit of sleeping before the door of his absent master's room.

One day in September, 1918, Mrs. Davies noted that Rags appeared strangely restless. He wandered up and down the stairs, then ran several

times to the front gate.

A little before midnight, he made another trip upstairs, and returned carrying Capt. McKinnon's old slippers in his mouth and laid these beside his master's favorite chair. *To find the slippers it had been necessary for him to climb on a trunk, and burrow among a pile of miscellaneous objects.*

Early next morning, the family was awoken by Rags' frantic barking and a man's familiar voice. In the lower hall stood Capt. James McKinnon, erroneously reported dead. He had spent several years in a German prison; escaping, he had reached the Allied lines, then returned to Canada. A wire announcing his homecoming was muddled by a telegraph company employee and failed to reach its destination.

Remarkable as the above story is, it is vouched for in every detail, not only by Mrs. Davies, but also by two other witnesses.

—*From D. Winnifred Davies
Vancouver, Canada*

sugar much more rapidly than the monkey, who never got his share.

On the fourth day, however, the monkey carried his sugar cube to the water pan and dunked it. In a few seconds, the sugar had been softened so that he could chew it with far greater speed than either of his companions.

—*From A.A. Brown, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York*



* * * The unusual activity of his old fox terrier startled Thomas C. Gavin. The animal, 16 years old and totally blind, seldom moved far from the fire; but on this particular day she trotted about the house, bumping into things, stumbling over furniture—obviously searching for something. In the cellar and garage, she poked about, sniffing quizzically in odd corners. At last on a low shelf she found what she sought—her harness, lead, and muzzle, of which she had always been extremely proud but had not worn since she had become blind.

A few hours later, Gavin stumbled on a little pile of torn leather—the lead, harness and muzzle. The dog had ripped all three, her only earthly possessions, to bits.

A few hours later she died.

—*From Thomas C. Gavin
Montreal, Quebec*

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Not of Our Species," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.



* * * In the days when renowned Raymond L. Ditmars was curator of the Bronx Zoo, an old lady befriended a Brazilian wild dog, a coati mundi and a ring tailed monkey, who shared the same cage. She began feeding sugar cubes to the strangely assorted animals.

For the first three days the coati mundi and the Brazilian dog had all the best of it. Their strong jaws and sharp teeth enabled them to eat the

*They've got pockets that jingle, jangle,
jingle—as their jingles jangle merrily
along. And they say—but read it yourself!*



Plugs That Jingle, Jangle, Jingle

by WELDON MELICK

WHEN ALAN KENT is giving you the lowdown on this business of jingle-writing (in his own quaint language, "drooling on the pipe about the jingle dodge") he sits cross-legged atop the desk in his Manhattan apartment. There, facing an 8-by-10-foot mirror, he gets an excellent view of his reddish Imperial beard, a beard he affectionately calls "Montague Ormsby de Beauvois Durand."

Kent is the guy who rhymes "puddings" with "good t'ings" and "General Electric" with "anthropometric" in those 15-second cantatas which sneak into station breaks between the radio programs. These "musical spots" sing their praises of shoes and ships and sealing wax in three to seven-part harmony concocted by Kent's partner, Ginger Johnson.

Individually and collectively, the team answers to the name of Kent-

Johnson. Busting with pride over a bona fide "Inc." after their mutual name, they invariably refer to themselves as "the corporate Body" or simply "the Body."

Last March the Body went to Edgar Kobak, executive vice-president of the Blue Network, and said, "Look! Remember that little soft-drink business booster we wrote?"

Edgar Kobak remembered. He had been with an advertising agency at the time and had asked Kent-Johnson to write a catchy jingle calculated to ensnare the multi-million Pepsi-Cola account. In 10 minutes flat, the Body had swung out to the old English hunting song *John Peel*:

Pepsi-Cola hits the spot,
Twelve full ounces, that's a lot,
Twice as much for a nickel, too,
[whistle blows twice]
Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you!
Nickel, nickel, nickel, nickel . . .
Which is undoubtedly the most

famous 15-second radio program in history. Starting in the fall of 1939, it has been heard about 300,000 times on 500 radio stations every year.

"Well, if the jingle idea is a knock-out in a 15-second spot," the Body suggested to Kobak, "why not try it on a longer program? You've got the time—we've got the jingles. The possibilities of jingles on radio haven't been scratched."

"How long a program do you figure it would take to scratch the possibilities?" Kobak inquired.

"Six hours every night," the Body suggested tentatively, preparing to get thrown out on its corporate association.

And that is how *Say It With Music*, radio's first talkless program was born —WJZ's new all-night session of recordings, in which every time signal,

Weldon Melick, someone who knows him once said, is well qualified to write about screwballs. His assignment to this piece, then, was obvious. He lives alone, "in a large house on a small island," 16 miles from Manhattan. Melick works at a huge, de-Sakhnoffsky-designed desk, complete with built-in radio, thermometer, barometer, humidity gauge, mail chute and air-raid shelter. In addition, he's changed the caps on his typewriter to read, instead of the conventional "qwertyuiop":

KEEP PUNCHIN'
YOU JERK OR
WE'LL BOTH
BE IN HOCK

Which isn't quite as catchy, perhaps, as Kent and Johnson's stuff, but has turned the trick for Melick.

station break, letter acknowledgment, sponsor solicitation, special introduction or other announcement (except capsule news on the hour) is specially composed by the Body and sung by the Tune Twisters or other ensembles with orchestral accompaniment. All the show's commercials will be cut from the same melodic pattern. Here's a sample of a combination station break, time signal and commercial announcement in the Kent-Johnson mode, which has been submitted to a well-known advertiser whose name cannot yet be announced:

*The Wrigley clock says time to chew
Chew chew—chew chew.
It's two o'clock, two o'clock
Wrigley says it's two o'clock.
The flavor lasts, the flavor lasts.
Wrigley says the flavor lasts.
Wrigley gum you'll find it's mighty fine
On that old production line.
Military secrets never slip
Cause when you're chewing Wrigley's
You button up your lip.
It's two o'clock, two o'clock
Wrigley says it's two o'clock.
Wrigley gum, chew gum don't talk.*

Ever since Pepsi-Cola hit the spot, the jingle boys have been hitting the spot announcement game for plenty. They sold Esso a little eight-line ditty with tune attached for \$2,500—and threw in a full set of commercials out of the goodness of their hearts. The following year they did an encore for the same company for \$3,500. But they're fed up with outright sales for that kind of pin-money. These days they demand — and get — a royalty arrangement, which swells the corporate income every time one of

their little verses is used on the air.

They actually *rented* the Chipso jingle — a little effort that took six minutes to dream up — to Procter and Gamble for \$20,000 a year!

Kent and Johnson have written over 200 commercial songs in the past three and a half years. In 1940-41 they were responsible for the one-minute musical spot announcements on 90 per cent of all the radio time devoted to that particular type of commercial.

A CURSORY analysis of a Kent-Johnson lyric doesn't divulge any startling formula or quality that makes it click. It is apt to be impertinent, effervescent, slangy, and bristling with puns. Chipso is "better than a whole slew of other washing powders." You're nuts if you don't donate "that beat-up old boat you're driving now" to the tin can reserve and get a Ford Used Car. And so on.

The first step in writing a \$3,500 verse, they say, is to find a gimmick. Ginger may write the melody in less than an hour—he rarely takes longer—and Alan can collect the necessary number of words in a few minutes. But on at least one occasion it has taken them two and a half months to get a gimmick. And a gimmick, ladies and gentlemen, is that trick or device that makes you remember the words and music and hum or sing them inspite of yourself, thus tattooing the sponsor's sales message on your mind so it won't rub off.

A gimmick, for instance, is Elsie's sexy "MooOO to youUUU" in the

Borden song. It's the clack of wooden blocks that punctuates "Opportunity knocks (KNOCK! KNOCK!) in the *Chipso* box!" For Lucky Strike, the boys simply set to music the gimmick the company was already using. Ginger sang "2 to 1, 2 to 1—and for men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1." The cash register rang up \$7,000 for that 30-second brain fag.

The boys may write the words first or start with the tune. Alan may toss in musical suggestions and Ginger can make with the words as well as notes. If they hadn't stumbled onto the road paved with advertising gold, Kent and Johnson would undoubtedly be cutting jive in Tin Pan Alley.

Feist would like to publish some of their 40 original melodies written for the all-night program, one hears. (The publisher is presumably dickering for such numbers as *Dawn Over Manhattan* rather than the three a.m. time signal and station break.) The infectious one-minute commercial songs turned out on the K-J production line are really condensed versions of tunes that might make the hit parade if they happened to be full of hope and glamour instead of soap and Armour. Ginger was actually hitting the hit parade before he musically gave up sex for socks.

And further proof that he has an ear for click numbers is the fact that he discovered *The Music Goes Round and Round* in the limited confines of a two-by-four night club. Ginger, then producing for NBC, having been imported in 1935 for special musical

programs, poured the tune into a microphone, and in no time, it was the dandruff of the air. It was Alan Kent who did the announcing on that show, and his first meeting with the slim, ginger-haired former musical director of BBC and writer for Charlotte's Revues, might have been sponsored by Frigidaire.

It was a good many highballs after the show, as the Old Crow flies, before their intense aversion to each other became somehow confused with their intense aversion to the sorry spectacle of spot announcing as it was dished up in those days. Solemnly, they agreed to do something about it and, two and a half years after that resolution, they actually did.

Although they're still writing jingles like mad—but mad—for anyone who offers enough pelt, their all-night program is their current love. During its birth, they kept a bedside watch 20 out of 24 hours for six weeks. They still spend so much time listening to records for programming, writing and recording new musical announcements, and *listening* to the whole six-hour show sometimes three nights in a row, that they are referred to in the trade as "those mobile benzedrine tablets."

Whenever they can schedule their breakdowns at the same time, they

retreat to the most unlikely spot their combined imaginations can conceive. On one inspired occasion, they went on a Tuesday to Friday "weekend" in Atlantic City in the dead of winter, and had themselves pushed up and down the icy boardwalk, all bundled up in 17 Indian blankets.

Say It With Music started with another of the Kent-Johnson binges that end by revolutionizing radio. By a late hour in the early morning, too woozy to change records on Alan's record player, they tuned in one of the two all-night pro-

grams then available in the New York area. The government had already banned references to weather, all reading of mail and all requests for songs, so all that was coming out between records was interminable hogwash from a bored announcer.

With all-night audiences mounting because of all-hour defense work, they figured someone could go places with a well-planned record show that kindly omitted the inane chatter of a humorless MC to a voiceless engineer about standing up Maizie at the buttermilk bar. So they went to Kobaik the next day.

There are no arbitrary 15-minute periods of this and that band on *Say It With Music*, no violent contrasts. Instead, you are wafted gently from

one musical mood to another. There are waltz, rumba or tango, ballad, memory, swing, blues, boogie-woogie, piano, Dixieland, Harlem type shout or jump, musical comedy, and sweet moods—and specialties like jazz classics, Whiteman, instrumental soloists and singers. Symphony and classical music are omitted. The moods are staggered so that a worker getting home at three-thirty a.m. doesn't run into the same type of music every night. There are stunts, like six consecutive recordings of *Stardust* by different bands, and *Jazz Me Blues* as done originally by the Memphis Five. The program goes on at one a.m. and continues until seven a.m.

The boys aren't satisfied with controlling 90 per cent of the musical spot business and one-fourth of all the air-time that WJZ broadcasts. Plans to syndicate the all-night program to other stations are under way.

In eight months on WJZ alone, the feature has pulled letters from 44 states. The only complaint came from a guy who didn't want *any* station open all night. He said he wanted to sleep.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

THE ANATOMY OF ADVERTISING by Mark Wiseman	\$5.50
IT'S AN ART by Helen Woodward	\$2.75

Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc., New York

C. B. Newhouse



A coaching print tells a story. It is a record, usually of a scene from the artist's own life. Also, it is a characteristic of the English scene before the grime and dirt, the rattling wheels and noisy whistle of the train as we know it. About C. B. Newhouse, very little is known, other than that he did his work between 1830 to 1845. His *Roadsters' Album*, from which *The Sleepy Gatekeeper* was taken, was published in 1845. His coaching prints are known, however, to all collectors of sporting prints —ranking with the finest works of this type.

Mabel Dwight

Caricature? No. Mabel Dwight's work is rather a mixture of humor and tragedy—blithe humor tinged on the satiric, combined with a deep understanding of human nature. She is one of America's foremost lithographers, an observer whose eyes have become the sharper, whose deftness of touch more human because she herself is deaf. Born in Cincinnati and widely traveled in Europe and Asia, she didn't start her life as an artist until she was fifty, an age when most people start settling back to rest on their past achievements.

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A. NEWBOLD

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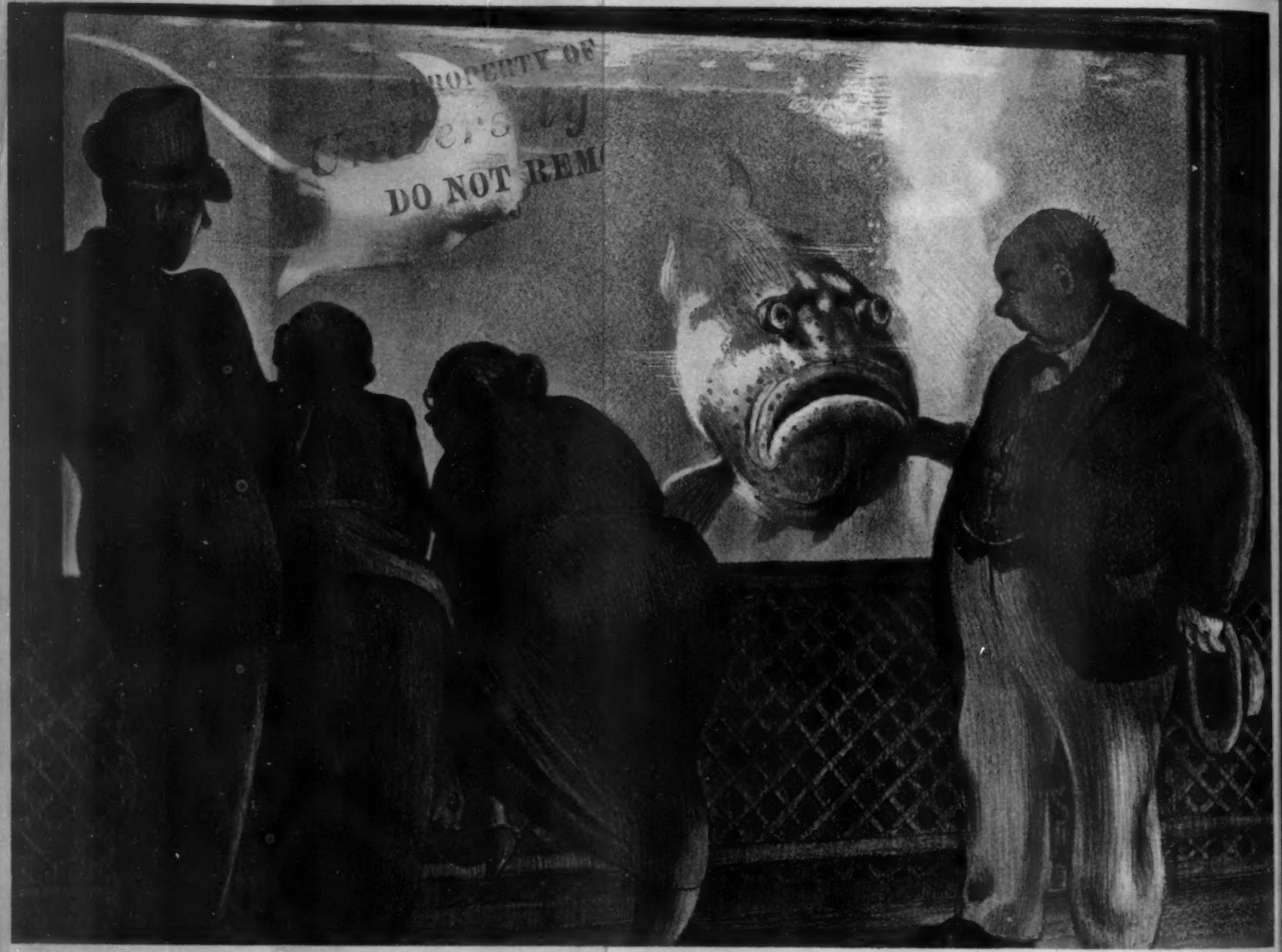
London, Jan 1, 1882 by A. Newbold & Son, 55, Fleet Street.

The sleepy Gate-keeper.

FROM THE JOSEPH SPURZ COLLECTION

THE
WATER
WITCH
BATH
LONDON

BATH
+
LONDON



Queer Fish



They laughed when he stepped out on the dance floor . . . But Arthur Murray today is making plenty by teaching thousands of others how

Arthur Murray—in a Hurry

by BARBARA HEGGIE

AT A HIGH school dance some 30 odd years ago, a kind-hearted girl took pity on a tall, gangling youth who was edging up against the side of the wall, looking wistfully at the gay couples whirling by.

"Let me show you, Arthur," she offered, coaxing him to follow her out on the floor. "It really isn't hard . . . See, you're catching on already."

It is to this impromptu little act of mercy that Arthur Murray today attributes the fact that he has played Good Samaritan — through correspondence course and dance studios — to some 3,000,000 pupils, many of whom were once as sorry wallflowers as he claims to have been.

"America's dance teacher" is what they call him.

Today there are Arthur Murray studios in 47 cities and 64 seasonal resorts. He has 1,500 permanent employees, of whom 1,300 are instructors.

He has taught, directly or indirectly, some \$10,000,000 worth of dancing. Whether or not Arthur Murray is the first man to apply sales methods to dancing, as his agents claim, he has certainly applied them with more vigor and success than anyone else in the world.

Most of the 111 Murray studios are franchised, not owned. When a dancing instructor wishes to obtain a license to operate a studio under the Murray name, he must agree to assume complete financial and moral responsibility for the enterprise. In addition, the representative must pay seven to fifteen per cent of his profits, depending largely on his proximity to New York and the potential benefit that he derives from Murray's Manhattan advertising.

On the surface, such an agreement appears pretty neat for Murray, but actually each franchise branch gets



don't . . .

try a half nelson on your partner; she won't appreciate it. In fact, don't try fancy holds of any kind. It's not only inconsiderate — it's unfashionable.

full value for its money. At every step of the way it is under the personal supervision of Murray.

Murray always advises a new representative against starting out on too grand a scale. Hotel rooms, obtained on the basis of a 10 per cent share of the profits to the management, make ideal quarters, Murray believes. For acquainting guests with the studio, he favors parties in the hotel restaurant, where informal lessons are given to diners who are picked out of the crowd by the instructors and urged to join them on the dance floor. Only when a studio is well established does Murray suggest adjournment to quarters in an office building or loft.

A firm believer in salesmanship—printed or otherwise — Murray estimates that in order to get \$10,000 worth of business, he has to spend \$2,500 in newspaper advertising. The "be popular" angle, he believes, brings best results. Next to popularity, bargain appeal is the best theme. Dancing advertised as a means of overcoming an inferiority complex takes third place.

The war has brought its ups and

downs to Arthur Murray studios, just as it has to less aesthetic enterprises. Branches in many resorts have closed down and, of course, cruise business is at a standstill. But in war industry towns—like Buffalo and Hartford—business is booming. In Washington there has been a 40 per cent increase in profits; in Detroit the studio has had to drop all advertising, and pupils are booking lessons two weeks in advance. As his share of the war effort, Murray is supplying free instructors to the New York Stage Door Canteen's Saturday night dances, as well as to USO shindigs. Murray studios throughout the country are following his example, and the favorite of draftees everywhere, instructresses report, mopping their foreheads, seems to be the Lindy Hop.

Before the war, pupils were about equally divided as to sex, but now about 35 out of 50 are men. "I have to go in the Army in three weeks and I want to know how to dance before I leave, can you teach me?" is the most frequent request, and Murray instructors are making valiant efforts to comply. Murray himself claims that in all his experience he

don't . . .



hold her as if you were afraid of her; for one thing, it makes for poor dancing. But don't crush her, either. Firm and gentle is encore technique.

has found only two persons who could not be taught to keep time and that both were mental defectives. Except for these two, his most difficult pupils have been a basso from the Metropolitan Opera House and a noted humorist.

ARTHUR MURRAY TEICHMAN grew up in New York's East Side, where the etiquette of the ballroom is regarded as superfluous and good waltzing partners are rare. But Murray's first stumbling attempts to master the two-step convinced him that he had found his vocation, and he used to sneak into immigrant weddings and dance the soles of his shoes off.

Eventually he enrolled at Castle House, the nation's first elegant *salon de danse* and stayed on as an instructor. A year or so later, he won the approval of the Baroness de Cuddelston, herself an instructress, who swept him away to be her assistant at the fashionable resort of Asheville, North Carolina. Here the 18-year-old Murray became the favorite dancing partner of Mrs. George Vanderbilt, and after the baroness' departure remained for three years as chief instructor. Then, although only 24 and earning \$100 a week at his profession, Murray became obsessed with the idea that he was frittering his life away. So he gave up his teaching and embarked on a two-year course of business-administration at Georgia Tech.

It had been Murray's intention to renounce dancing for good, but he was suddenly overwhelmed by the

don't . . .



ride the Jersey
Bounce this way.
It's fine to keep time
to the music—but
not by flapping your
elbows. Save your
energy and get in
an extra dance.

golden inspiration that one could teach the fox-trot by mail. At first he used kinetoscopes — peepshow gadgets which operated by a crank and which turned a series of action photographs into motion pictures. When these proved impractical, he designed booklets of lessons, illustrated with dotted-line diagrams. His success was instantaneous.

Next he launched a campaign, leading off with a full page ad in a magazine, across which splurged the caption, in bold black letters: **HOW I BECAME POPULAR OVERNIGHT**. The response was enormous; 40,000 social misfits wrote in after the first single insertion. Soon Murray was employing 90 girls just to sort his mail, and was netting an annual income in the neighborhood of \$150,000.

Other equally disturbing slogans followed: **THEY GAVE ME THE HA-HA WHEN I STEPPED ON THE DANCE FLOOR** and **I DIDN'T MIND WHEN THEY LAUGHED AT ME BUT WHEN THEY LAUGHED AT MY WIFE . . .** Murray boasts he was the first national advertiser to shame readers into buying his wares with just this approach.

In 1924, Arthur Murray moved

don't . . .



crouch as if you were getting ready to take off. It's true a good dancer somehow gets the effects of floating—but it's good posture that helps him.

his offices from Atlanta to New York, where the number of would-be students who clamored at his door for personal instruction persuaded him to abandon his mail order course. It was beginning to slack off anyway. In its place, he instructed a corps of teachers in his system of reducing dancing to the five fundamental steps: walking, side-step, balance, pivot and waltz. As the academy began to function, Murray gave up teaching for the business end—a stand he has yielded only once in recent years, when he consented to unbend so far as to take the heiress, Eleanor Hutton, in hand—at a flat rate of \$5,000 for the course.

Now 47, Murray is bald, sallow, meek in manner, with a thin piping voice. He is usually to be found brooding over his current advertising campaign in an inner pine-panelled sanctum, the chief feature of which is a large photograph of himself, his wife (a former New Jersey instructress) and his 15-year-old twin daughters, Jane and Phyllis.

For up-to-date, streamlined glamour, Hollywood has nothing on Murray's main New York studio on East

43rd street. Here a sympathetic receptionist will explain the courses, test your dancing on a pint-sized dance floor and then hand you over to an instructor suitable to your needs. He or she then takes you in hand in one of the 140 private studios that honeycomb three adjacent buildings.

Each studio has a full-length mirror in which you can watch your progress, and is hooked up to central juke boxes that blare out fox-trots, tangoes, rumbas, waltzes or sambas—a South American version of the Maxixe which Mr. Murray is now attempting to popularize. (Whenever you find yourself trying out a new step the chances are that Murray has introduced it. A notable *coup* was in 1939 when he single-handedly revived the polka.)

In the door of every studio is a peep hole through which instructor and pupil can be plainly seen, for scandal is the bug-a-boo of dance studios and Murray is determined to have none of it. Dates with pupils are strictly taboo. Some time ago, the former premier of a neighboring country, who always brushed up on his tango when he came to New York, asked if he might take his instructress along with him to the St. Regis.

"No," said Murray simply, "you can't."

Murray is not impressed by big names. In his roster of former pupils is practically the entire social register—all the Morgan family except J.P. himself; the Duke of Windsor; Eleanor Roosevelt, who took rumba lessons in his Washington studios last

year; and many others.

Murray has a discreet back entrance which runs up to the studios which no one would know, from the outside, connected with them. This is for bashful pupils to go to their classrooms directly, without crossing the big reception hall. The present Duke of Windsor was one who always used it.

Qualifications for Murray instructors are stringent. They must be seemly, intelligent, with a natural aptitude for dancing, and able to pass the Bernreuter Personality test—a test designed to weed out

introverts among the applicants. A good number of Murray's best teachers have been drafted in the Army where they all seem, sooner or later, to wind up in the Morale Divisions.

As for his pupils, Murray has said, "Two former pupils of ours ran for the Presidency of the United States. Maybe if they had had a few more lessons they would have made it."

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

ART OF SOCIAL DANCING

by L. A. Hosteler \$1.00
A. S. Barnes & Company, New York

INVITATION TO DANCE

by W. Terry \$2.00
A. S. Barnes & Company, New York



Do It Now

IN PARIS, I had a large closet full of papers, all very precious to me: personal letters from intimate friends, notes I had taken during my travels, plans of novels or short stories, innumerable snapshots, photographs of my children at various ages. In fact, all my life was there, but in an appalling disorder.

"What a mess!" my wife would say. "Can't you sort out your papers?"

"Tomorrow," I would promise. But the next day I forgot. The next week I forgot. The next month. Then war came.

Suddenly, in May, 1940, I received orders to leave at once on a military mission to London. I told my wife that the Germans would be in Paris very soon and that she too ought to go South

during the night in our car.

"You will have very little space," I said. "Take only what you need most. Clothes for you and the children . . . and, of course, my papers."

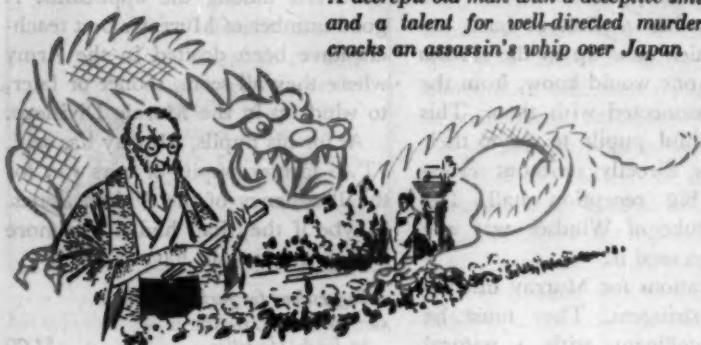
"There is enough stuff in that closet to fill three cars. Sort out what you want most," she said.

I opened my closet for the last time. Here were thousands of letters, newspaper clippings, manuscripts. Only to look at each one of them would have taken days. I had two hours.

"I give up," I said. "Oh, why didn't I tidy up my closet when I had the chance?"

And so, through laziness, all my precious papers and photographs were left behind. —ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A decrepit old man with a deceptive smile and a talent for well-directed murder, cracks an assassin's whip over Japan.



Evil Old Man of Japan

by MARK GAYN

MITSURU TOYAMA is past 90—a little old man with a scraggly white beard. His tiny eyes blink owlishly through oversized glasses. Puttering in his small garden, he is the picture of a peaceful patriarch.

But appearances can lie.

Behind the glasses and benign smile is the most dangerous man in Japan—perhaps in all Asia. Father of the world's most efficient fifth column, he has made high policy and provoked great wars. At his bidding, countless have been murdered. And beneath that outward senility is a needle-sharp mind, ceaselessly hatching intrigue upon intrigue.

Every Japanese knows Toyama, and can recite at length the gory and honorable assassinations inspired by Toyama-san—all for the sake of emperor and country. But his fame was mainly built by word of mouth. Until five years ago, no newspaper men

tioned Toyama's name. Even reports dealing with his social life employed reverent asterisks in place of his name. Only when the Axis pact, which he vigorously backed, encountered rough sailing, did he allow the press to publicize his support—name and all.

Those asterisks were admission enough that Toyama was no ordinary man. He was a symbol of Japan's steady climb to greatness—of her imperial expansion and mad dreams of world supremacy. To the Japanese, Toyama stands for every chapter in their history of the last half century.

Today, Toyama keeps busy with fifth column work abroad, the molding of national policies and control of the patriotic movement.

As a fifth column organizer, Toyama knows no peer, not even in Berlin. As far back as 1879, he formed a society to combat western ideas. Soon afterward he began to build the

groundwork for Japan's conquests.

Among his earliest successes in this field was one in the Philippines. The United States had just taken the islands from Spain. Aguinaldo had risen in revolt. Promptly, Toyama sent a shipload of Jap arms to aid him.

And when the revolt collapsed, Toyama opened his heart and doors to the refugee insurgents. Gen. Artemio Ricarte, for instance, enjoyed Toyama's hospitality until this year, when a Japanese ship returned him to Manila—to serve as a puppet official.

FEW EXILED Chinese revolutionaries ever failed to receive an offer of aid from Toyama. Among them were three men who later achieved fame: Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei. The first two refused to repay Toyama's kindness with treason, though Toyama still calls Chiang "my pupil" and addresses to him hopeful pleas for "collaboration." The third, Wang, is Japan's puppet No. 1 in China today.

The Chinese and the Filipinos are not alone. At one time or another, Toyama's clientele has included Rash Behari Bose, the pro-Axis Hindu; Ataman Semenoff, the burly Cossack gangster-politician; and U Saw, the one-time Burmese premier, now in a British jail.

Through personal favors to men such as these, through bribery, intimidation and murder, Toyama in the past 50 years has woven a tremendous underground web beneath the entire Pacific area.

And the backbone of this organiza-

tion is the Black Dragon Society.

The Black Dragon is not large—perhaps 10,000 or 12,000 members—but every one is hand-picked for but two qualities: ultra-jingoism and complete ruthlessness. The Black Dragon men are cutthroats who have killed, spied, sabotaged, bribed and stolen to make Japan great. And their absolute master is Toyama.

These men have been everywhere. On the Pacific Coast, the FBI arrested nearly a score in a single swoop. More were rounded up in Hawaii. When the Soviets some years ago swept Vladivostok clean of Japanese without visible means of support, Moscow reported that they were Toyama's underlings.

Headlines since Pearl Harbor have paid grudging tribute to the wonderful efficiency of Toyama's organization. Wherever the Japs struck, little armies of fifth columnists were ready to help. In Hawaii they spied. In Malaya, they acted as jungle guides. In Burma, they ambushed British troops. Everywhere, they acted as saboteurs, puppet officials, propagandists and providers of all supplies needed by the invader.

In the United States, Toyama's overseas agents were especially active.

You met Mark J. Gayn last month when you read his disturbing article on the opium traffic of Japan. He knows the Japanese well, having been an editor of Domei and Rengo, Japan's official news agencies until the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War. He's covered many of Japan's nefarious activities and understands Japanese under-handed dealings as few men in the United States do.

Take the story of Mimo de Guzman, a short, dark and jittery Filipino with no less than 19 aliases. To the FBI agents in New York, this disheveled, 42-year-old man told the following bizarre story:

Back in 1932, de Guzman made a talk in Chicago, calling for unity of the dark-skinned races. Shortly afterwards, he had a Japanese caller—one Major Takahashi of the Imperial Japanese Army.

The Black Dragon, said the Major, was promoting a movement "to build an all-colored world, in which the yellow and black races would predominate." They even operated a special school at which several hundred organizers were being trained.

De Guzman was interested, and his interest became enthusiasm when the major advanced several hundred dollars for expenses. He changed his name to Dr. A. Takis and began to travel up and down the country, lecturing and organizing.

Toyama's "Dr. Takis" found his most eager supporters among the Filipinos and Negroes. The lecture topics ranged from the injustices being suffered by the colored race at the hands of the whites to appeals for firm and united action.

By 1938, de Guzman had organized "cells" in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Kansas City and Indianapolis. Major Takahashi himself had opened branches in Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago. By 1941, the "Pacific Movement of the Eastern World" numbered an estimated 100,000 members—most-

ly Negroes. Their job, apparently dictated by Toyama, was to aid the Japanese when the latter invaded the United States.

Probably not one in a thousand of these had ever heard of Toyama; yet, they were putty in his evil hands no less than if they were Japanese, at the Master's feet at his Tokyo home.

Fantastic? Yet the U. S. District Court in New York considered the case so grave it set the bail at \$10,000—though de Guzman was only being held on the technical charge of failing to return his draft questionnaire.

DECades ago, Toyama had learned that every ally—even a petty crook like de Guzman—is worth his weight in yen in time of war. And through de Guzman, Toyama acquired 100,000 potential—if dismally ignorant—allies, who could do untold harm to the American war effort.

Back in 1904, when Japan went to



war with Russia, Toyama formed an independent unit of 5,000 men and sent it to Manchuria, to operate behind the Russian lines. Ever since, the Army has demonstrated its healthy respect for Toyama and his organization by a flow of yen into his treasury. The Navy, too, has been generous.

But though Toyama has handled millions of yen, he never takes a sen for his private needs. After a particularly lavish contribution he may put money in envelopes, stack them in a corner, and let his underlings scramble for their gifts. Once, he returned to his native village and, beaming cherubically, went from door to door distributing largesse.

AN AMERICAN shapes his country's policy on election day. A Japanese shapes it by murdering the statesman whose policy he dislikes. For more than 60 years, Toyama has charted Japan's course by sending forth his henchmen to kill his opponents.

At the turn of the century, Foreign Minister Shigenobu Okuma opened negotiations with Britain in the face of Toyama's disapproval. Promptly, one of Toyama's crew threw a bomb at Okuma, blowing his leg off. They say when Okuma met Toyama later, he asked bitterly: "Have you come to return my leg?" True to form, Toyama replied: "Any official should only be too happy to sacrifice a leg for the sake of the emperor and the country."

In 1904, the premier hesitated to declare war on Russia. Toyama called on him and asked: "Would you be a dead coward rather than a living

hero?" The premier watched Toyama's hand on a dagger, asked for time to think things over. Next day, he came out in favor of war. Toyama set this little episode down in his autobiography.

Thirty years later, Toyama was still at it. When Premier Inukai and Baron Dan opposed larger military credits, Toyama had both assassinated. His killers were so clumsy—or confident—they left a mile-wide trail to Toyama's house. But nothing happened to Toyama. His name was not mentioned in newspaper accounts.

Toyama does not rule by fear alone—his influence is far too vast to be so easily explained. The Black Dragon is a nursery for budding statesmen. One youth, named Koki Hirota, was put through school by Toyama and helped in his diplomatic career. Eventually, he rose to be Foreign Minister, then Premier.

Japan's last "peacetime" premier was Prince Konoye. Like the emperor a direct descendant of the gods, he was beyond fear of assassination. Yet this mild-mannered, cultured statesman made few moves without consulting the sage of aggression, Toyama.

Konoye had a yearning for greatness but no stomach for fighting. Until the last, he could not bring himself to sanction war on the Democracies. Finally Toyama lost patience. Personally he called on the Premier to present a memorandum demanding action in the South Seas—even at the risk of a clash with the United States.

"This is the hour of our destiny,"

said Toyama. "If the Government would only display a stiffened backbone and act decisively, instead of ceaseless parleying with the Democracies, Japan could easily establish a lasting peace in East Asia."

Thoroughly intimidated, Konoye feigned sickness. But this old trick would not thwart Toyama. The jingoist press began to scream demands that "our bedridden premier" either get well or resign. Konoye resigned. His job was taken over by one of Toyama's old friends—a belligerent, pro-Axis general named Hideki Tojo.

Tojo began the war Toyama wanted.

THE BLACK DRAGON is the apple of Toyama's eye, but it is only one of 100 societies, with combined membership of perhaps 10,000,000, which he controls. Biggest of these groups is the Ex-servicemen's Association, whose destinies he guides as an "honorary adviser." Until Pearl Harbor, the 3,500,000 members of the society devoted their energy to binding Japan to the Axis. Today their concern is domestic morale. If and when unrest begins to brew, the association will become an unofficial Gestapo, rubbing out the weak-hearted.

Toyama's participation at a mass rally is the signal for a wholesale turnout by the patriotic organizations. And though even a microphone refuses to help his thin and toothless voice, the magnetism of his name keeps the huge crowds on the border of hysteria. Each listener feels Toyama is the greatest man in Japan. They venerate him for his honesty and sim-

plicity, his complete selflessness, his burning and steadfast nationalism. If a Gandhi were possible in Japan, he would undoubtedly be like Toyama. There is in the two the same devotion to an idea—even if the methods are different. The blood that has been shed by Toyama's henchmen leaves no stain on him. Patriotic murders have never been out of fashion in Japan—and none can say his have been committed for any but patriotic motives.

Toyama's private life is an integral part of the Toyama legend. He lives in a simple, two-story house built for him by his followers. His first house was destroyed in the great earthquake of 1923, and hundreds rushed to his residence on that terrible day to see to the master's safety before thinking of their own.

The house is bare—there is almost nothing beyond some straw mats, low tables and scrolls. On principle, Toyama denies himself all comforts, and in the winter a single coal brazier heats the house. His meals are of the simplest too—rice, a few bits of fish and some pickled vegetables. He neither smokes nor drinks. Without much provocation, Toyama is ready to go on prolonged fasts. In a test of endurance with a Zen priest, Toyama once did without food and water for five days and nights.

His house is always full—of his followers; of his non-Japanese guests; of officials seeking favor. Sometimes, in his waiting room, a minister seeking approval of high policy will sit next to Toyama's impecunious neigh-

bor, needing a loan of a few yen. Both receive the same considerate attention from Toyama.

There are no guards at the gates, and any Japanese can enter the house without difficulty. Yet so great is Toyama's power that his home is as inviolable as the imperial palace. Once, two Hindu rebels took refuge in Toyama's house. The British Government promptly demanded the men's surrender. The Foreign Office agreed.

But when the moment arrived to seize the two men, no police official had the courage to enter Toyama's house. For weeks, wary policemen lurked in the shadows—at a respectful distance—waiting for the Hindus to emerge. But eventually, Toyama managed to smuggle the men out.

Thus, one decrepit old man runs

the Japanese Empire. He holds no official posts. Yet so great is his hold on the masses, so large his following, and so ruthless his methods, that Japan takes no step without his consent. In addition, through his peerless fifth column web, the Toyama shadow spreads over the entire Pacific basin—from India to Oregon.

All this he has achieved through devotion to a simple idea—expressed once in an interview with an American correspondent:

"It's Japan's destiny to help the revolt of the Eastern peoples in order to get rid of alien western influence. Then will come a brotherhood of Asiatic peoples which will show the world something new in the realm of civilization. I am glad to have done what I could to hasten the coming of this time."



Strictly Scientific

¶ *Space* is like a tennis ball which has been turned inside out without breaking the cover.

¶ There really is no such number as the square root of minus one, nor could there be. It is used astronomically just to multiply other numbers by, which makes them imaginary too. The most important theories in astronomy are based on them.

¶ *Atmospheric pressure* is merely a hoity-toity scientific term for the weight of air. As any shrewd mind can immediately perceive for itself, there's naturally less air up at the top of Mount Everest, because nobody goes there to breathe it.

—JACK GOODMAN AND ALAN GREEN
How to Do Practically Anything
(SIMON AND SCHUSTER)

Carroll's Corner



out about the country because they
had had it more or less easy living
in cities and towns of comfort and no
real adventure. And suddenly we hear
now of months gone on under mud
and dust, sweating and toiling at
mines, farms, and roadsides.

A report from a strictly neutral
observer on who is doing what in
the realm of the very lively arts

Coronets:

. . . To Walt Disney's *Saludo*.
One easy lesson in how to cement
Latin-American relations . . . to the
Hollywood Victory Committee. Uncle
Sam's super-bond salesmen . . . to
the Hollywood producers who pre-
sented the government with exactly
100 reels of training shorts the day
after Pearl Harbor. Of all the far-
seeing tycoons who "could see what
was coming," they were the only ones
who had done anything about it.

To Alice Throckmorton McLean,
founder and President of the Ameri-
can Women's Voluntary Services.
Times of stress produce great ladies
as well as great men . . . to women's
uniforms of the AWVS. A true blue.

Thorns:

. . . To the women's uniforms of
the WADS. Whacky khaki . . . to
Americans who refuse to serve or sell
to Negro soldiers from nearby Army

encampments . . . to advertisers who
urge you to win the war by buying
their products . . . to the constant
repetition of the same news over the
radio all day long . . . to "charming"
news announcers . . . to the color
in nine out of 10 technicolor films. A
sure short-cut to a headache.

Hollywood in a Hurry:

. . . Name of a Hollywood res-
taurant: Dyspeptic Bill's . . . The
Hollywood Cat Bazaar is a motel for
cats. Each feline has his or her own
bed, his or her special diet . . . The
evolution of Hollywood architecture
over the past 30 years is practically a
panorama of the development of the
American democratic spirit. First
phase: Spanish; second: Regency;
third: French; fourth (and present
one): early American . . . Bargain
Basement: The average price for a
Hollywood estate originally valued at
\$250,000 is \$25,000 these days—or

make your own offer.

¶ Hall of Fame: Rosalind Russell has been voted by Canadian flyers as "the screen star we would most like to be caught in a fog bank with."

By Sound of Ear:

• • • The airplane of the future, most experts agree, is the helicopter, on which little or no work is being done because of the war. Only the great Igor Sikorsky is continuing experiments on these planes which rise and descend vertically, hover motionless in mid-air . . . There is no shortage of the materials from which synthetic rubber is made . . . Aircraft spotters attention! The difference between a German parachutist and an American ditto is this: the German is connected to his chute by one cord, the American by two.

A new "germ syrup" recently announced by the Warner Institute in New York may be the answer to all the prayers for a synthetic food-maker. Just pour some of the syrup on straw, eat the straw and you get a full complement of Vitamin B . . . The Iron Horse: In blackout areas, they're putting blinders on locomotives.

Get Rich Quick:

• • • If you're in the market for a new business, look into the classified columns of the scientific magazines. "Remarkable" opportunities are rampant during these dizzy days.

Some of the things you can make or sell, if you're in the mood: Mexican Feathers, Iceless Ice, Dandelion Destroyer, the Lord's Prayer on a penny,

Steer Horns. You can also buy courses in How to Raise Mink, How to Throw a Knife, How to Tattoo, How to Raise Earthworms.

Quote—Unquote:

¶ BENITO MUSSOLINI: "Fortunately, the Italian people are not yet accustomed to eating several times a day."

¶ PAUL RICHARD: "Hunting — the least honorable form of war on the weak."

¶ SIR WILLIAM OSLER: "The desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals."

¶ HEYWOOD BROUN: "The ability to make love frivolously is the chief characteristic which distinguishes human beings from the beasts."

File and Forget:

• • • The most frequently used word in radio commercials is "extra" . . . Two correspondence schools offering courses in jiu-jitsu and judo complain that they now have more business than they can handle . . . The following expressions all come from Shakespeare: *a hell of a time, beat it, blockhead, comb your noodle, hot ice, high time, Greek to me, baby eyes*. . . And in case you're interested, the full names of the gentlemen are: Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb, Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, Archibald Joseph Cronin, Newton Booth Tarkington, Ringgold Wilmer Lardner.

Nobody has yet come forward with a universally accepted name for this war, but I still like Cal Tinney's: "The War for Peace."

One fell from a skyscraper; another smashed his car into a brick wall—and both survived. But flight surgeons know today it wasn't all a matter of luck



How to Crash and Walk Away

by MICHAEL EVANS

Editor's Note: Last month, in *Old Pilots Aren't Bold Pilots*, Coronet readers learned of the needless waste in our flying manpower through the carelessness of youth. Naturally, no single "cure" can erase all our losses traceable to the human factor. But the following important set of facts, which can be taught to young flyers, will help measurably.

STANLEY SMITH is from Yorkshire and a member of the RAF. Not long ago, he had a few days' leave in New York. He went to a hotel and checked in for the night.

Exactly how the accident happened is not very clear, but shortly after midnight, Stanley Smith plunged from a third story window of the hotel. Not even Lloyd's would have given odds on his chance for escape.

But the luck of flying Yorkshiremen rode with Stanley Smith that night. A Negro named Solomon had curled up for a cat nap below Smith's win-

dow. The RAF man landed squarely on Solomon and picked himself up with nothing more serious than a hurt wrist. The Negro went to the hospital with critical injuries.

What happened to the Yorkshire aviator is not unique. A surprising number of persons are constantly falling or jumping out of buildings, only to be saved from death by chance.

A few days after Smith's fall, a seaman named Kenneth Hudson came ashore in New Orleans after surviving four torpedoings. He went up to the roof of his hotel to get a breath of air and missed his step in the dark. The next moment he was falling through space. But he crashed through a skylight only 10 feet above the ground and escaped with a few scratches.

Both of these plunges were from fairly short distances—35 to 45 feet.

Only a few months ago a wealthy New York gentleman evaded his

nurse and "jumped or fell"—as the police blotter saying goes—from the window of his ninth floor Park Avenue apartment. His body hurtled down in a free fall of about 100 feet. Rather than the pavement, however, it hit the canvas canopy over the apartment entrance, tore through the cloth and light metal frame and landed gently at the feet of the surprised doorman. Outside of a gash over his left eye, the victim was not hurt.

You could multiply stories of such accidents almost indefinitely. A Chicago woman tried a suicide leap from a 10th story window. She landed in a plot of freshly turned earth and escaped with a fractured thumb. A man jumped from a skyscraper window and hit the roof of a taxicab. The cab driver was badly hurt, but the would-be suicide got off with a broken leg. A three-year-old toppled from a fourth floor Pittsburgh fire-escape. He fell into a basket of clothes and scrambled back upstairs to tell his mother about the adventure.

THESE CASES of survival from apparently certain death are of particular interest to U. S. Army Air Force flight surgeons whose job it is to keep 'em flying. There are sure to be casualties in combat, but each life saved is a life gained—especially in the air corps.

Men are killed in planes in many ways. But most frequently they are killed when their planes crash suddenly to earth. That's why the flight surgeons are interested in Stanley Smith and the other lucky survivors of long falls. There used to be a saying in

the Lafayette Escadrille that a good landing was one a man could walk away from. That still goes for crashes. The flight surgeons can't eliminate all the crack-ups, but if they can teach an airman how to crack-up and walk away from his smashed plane, they will have scored a real success.

Men are much more important to the air force than machines. A pursuit plane is worth about \$40,000. Given enough raw materials, there is no ceiling on their production. But an airman represents an investment of possibly \$200,000 in plant, teaching and equipment. Not to mention a year or two of time. There aren't any factories which can replace a lost pilot by putting on an extra shift next week.

The flight surgeons reason that if there is a common denominator in all these lucky falls, it might be possible to teach men how to crash at 150 or 250 miles an hour and still survive.

First, the scientists noted that when a victim falls freely for any great distance and crashes directly into the pavement, death is 100 per cent certain. But in each case of survival, some obstacle checked or broke the fall—a canvas canopy, a flexible auto roof, a few inches of spaded soil or a skylight.

When a man leaps from a 10-story building and lands on a spot of plowed earth, deceleration occurs in a twinkling—the tiny fraction of time that it takes the body to pound six inches into the soil. But that split fraction may be enough to save life.

Six inches of spaded dirt isn't much of a cushion. That fact gave the medical men encouragement. A fighter

plane hasn't space for elaborate safety gadgets but it was obvious that—given a certain Yankee ingenuity—not much might be really needed.

The flight surgeons made another discovery of importance.

Persons who fell great distances and escaped death usually landed with their bodies parallel to the ground—either in a prone or reclining position. Probably the least severe injuries occurred when they landed in roughly the same position as if they had been resting in a Morris chair.

The explanation, it quickly developed, lay in the structure of the body. The bones of the arms and legs are long and strong. If a man falls nine stories and lands on his feet, he is speared on his own skeleton. But if he lands on his back, he has a chance of getting by with a few broken ribs.

At this point the study broadened out. After all, there are at least two principal types of crashes. One in which the plane spins down out of control and buries its nose in the earth. The other in which it skims down at breakneck pace and comes to a grinding stop after plowing along a field or hillside for several hundred feet or yards. The second type is typical of the take-off or landing crash, probably the commonest accident in the air force.

So the flight surgeons took a look at another phenomenon. They examined the records of persons who managed to pick themselves up out of the wreckage after crashing their cars into concrete railings at 80 miles an hour.

Here the inquiry followed a strange

trail. It led into the sawdust and tan-bark of the fly-by-night carnivals and the one-week-stand county fair expositions which have played the kerosene circuit for years.

One of their feature attractions has long been the daredevil auto driver. He takes a stock car, winds it up with three fast circuits of the half-mile track and then rams his machine full-tilt into a solid brick wall. A moment later, when the dust and debris have settled down, the daredevil steps jauntily from the wreckage and bows to the applause of the hysterical crowd.

Naturally, there is a trick to it.

The scientists found that Lucky Teeter (since killed when his stunt went wrong) and other daredevils had chanced upon a practical application of an elemental law of physics and physiology.

What the driver did was this:

As his car raced toward the solid concrete barrier, he slipped from behind the steering wheel and flopped over into the tonneau. There he braced himself against the back wall of the front seat with his head, cushioned in the crook of his arm, pressed firmly against the framework.

When the car hit the obstacle, at a speed of 60 or 70 miles an hour, the chassis crumpled. The daredevil, pressed tight against the front seat frame, got nothing more than a slight bruise on his arm. He crawled out of the smashed tonneau as sound as when he entered it.

Again, the body was cushioned. The split second in which the long shafts of steel buckled was sufficient to



save the man's life. But there was even more to it. There was the fact that the daredevil defied the natural instinct of bracing against a crash. Instead, he pressed his body in the direction of the momentum of the car.

That was an important point.

The scientists tried it out in the laboratory. They took white mice and struck them a glancing blow on the head with a hammer—the sort of blow you would get if you were thrown, against your will and your muscles, into the front windshield post of your car. The result was a skull fracture and a severe concussion with loss of consciousness. They tried a variation. They put the head of the laboratory animal firmly against an anvil and struck a blow of the same strength with the hammer. This time the skull was again fractured. But there was no concussion: no loss of consciousness.

That established proof that concussion is principally caused in these accidents not by the blow that strikes the head but by the sudden acceleration or deceleration of the crash. So, if you

are in a car that is about to collide and put your head against something solid, the chances are you will escape concussion. If you just brace yourself, the impact is likely to whirl your head forward in spite of your tense muscles and—if it hits anything—you may get fracture plus concussion.

Taking a look at actual airplane crashes, the experts found many cases in which several passengers aboard a plane survived while their companions were killed. They found that frequently the survivors were persons in the rear of the aircraft.

There was another point to be picked up from the speedway—the crash helmet. Already worn by motorcycle dispatch riders as protection against sudden spills, the helmet was speedily adopted for tank crews to protect their heads from the lurching steel walls of the tank interior. But until the concussion studies were undertaken, crash helmets were seldom if ever worn by airmen.

LESSONS the flight surgeons learned can not be revealed in their entirety. Some still classify as military secrets. Generally speaking, however, they were these:

If you're going to crash, throw your weight in the direction the plane is going and be certain that your head is not free to lurch forward.

If you are in a bomber or transport, take a position where you can gain maximum benefit from the crumpling cushion of the ship's forward structure.

Give your head a cushion. This may mean a crash helmet or simply a

protecting arm. Many persons survive skull fractures. But fracture plus concussion probably spells loss of consciousness, which means death if the wreck catches fire.

If possible, take the brunt of the crash through the thickness of the body, rather than the length. If you hit on the flat of your back, or on your stomach, you may be badly hurt. But if the crash gets you head-on or feet first, your skeleton probably will splinter and skewer your body. When an airplane falls 8,000 feet in

a spinning crash, the chances are always going to be against the survival of anyone who rides it into the earth. But the medical men have emerged with a healthy handful of tips on how the tremendous odds against the flier can be cut down.

Even if they save the lives of not more than five men out of each 100, the figure will total respectably in a few weeks—and in a year they may save the equivalent of a whole graduating class from an air combat school.

Christmas Cheer

CHIRSTMAS should be a time of good will, good cheer and good food. And so the other day I asked Oscar of the Waldorf for some inside hints for Coronet readers on how to make a Christmas pudding. Here's what he told me:

"Put into a bowl $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. chopped beef suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. crumbed bread slices, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. peeled and chopped apples, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each of California seedless raisins, currants and sultana raisins, 1 oz. each of candied orange, lemon and citron peel and candied cherries diced small, 1 oz. of ginger, 2 oz. of chopped walnuts, 4 oz. powdered sugar, the juice and the chopped rind of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an orange and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a lemon, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of mixed spices containing a large quantity of cinnamon, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of rum or brandy and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of stout. (The fruit should, if possible, have previously been steeped in liqueur for a long time.)

"Mix the whole thoroughly and pour into white earthenware pudding bowls with projecting rims. Press the mixture into them and then wrap in a buttered and flour-dusted cloth or dampened vegetable parchment, tying the cloth or parchment into a knot on top. Cook in boiling water or in steam for four hours. When about to serve, sprinkle the puddings with heated brandy or rum and light them; or accompany them either with a sabayon, with brandy butter (without sugar) or with an English custard thickened with arrowroot or cornstarch. This is enough for eight portions."

. . . There you have it. And may your pudding be good, your Christmas merry and your New Year happy!

—HOWARD WHITMAN

Did you know that steel is more elastic than rubber? That lipstick is made from insects? John Hix says it's true, and he's seldom wrong



Strange as He Seems

by IRVING WALLACE

ONE DAY LAST summer citizens of the United States, reading their newspapers at breakfast, learned that Hitler owned a slice of Colorado!

The newspaper report was plain, concise and reliable. The source was none other than the curator of the unbelievable, John Hix, the cartoonist-conductor of *Strange as It Seems*.

And though Hix's 20 million readers knew that he had never told a lie, thousands pushed aside their cold breakfasts to write indignant and wrathful letters. But Mr. Hix, as always, calmly furnished proof:

"According to Mayor Mason, of Kit Carson, Colorado, Adolf Hitler acquired 8,960 acres of American soil from heirs in the Reich, who held a lien on the property at the time of the American owner's death. Located only four miles from the town, the land is now being used by local ranchers for pasturing cattle."

Such exclamation marks, however, are workaday stuff to 34-year-old John Hix, who, in 14 years, has startled America out of its wits with 40,000 oddities in 300 newspapers, two movie studios and over the radio.

For a decade and a half now, this youthful, pipe-smoking, mild-mannered Southerner has sought out the bizarre. His daily oddity cartoons, backed with documented proof, have told Americans that cats cannot see in the dark, that steel is more elastic than rubber, that lipstick is made from the bodies of insects.

Even Hix's stationery, spelling out *Strange as It Seems* with oddities in its letterhead, insists that white men are colored but black men are not, that human beings eat more grass than any other food, that the national anthem of France was dedicated to a German.

Hix, who started as a comic strip

artist, does two-thirds of the sketching himself, using a razor blade to get in background shadings. He hires 22-year-old Domingo Pena to pencil in the lettering and turn out the more complex drawings. While most big ideas stem from Hix's own jumping-jack brain, the bulk of his research is accomplished by a towering walking encyclopedia — MacDonald Glenn MacPherson—who came to him from the movie studios six years ago. An assistant research man, Lionel Grover, checks ideas for proof. A few years ago, Hix had seven people buried in old books and periodicals, but now he feels he gets twice as much done with his three super-aides, and with less commotion.

Besides his own travels and the burrowing of his staff, Hix receives between 40 and 100 letters weekly from citizens offering oddity tips gratis. Occasionally, a contest floods his office with thousands of queeriosities.

Every few months Hix concocts different brain-storms for making his cartoon more fascinating. The latest and most successful is his determination to accent current events. This is dangerous, since he must draw and submit his copy to United Features four weeks in advance.

"So far our timing has been wonderful," Hix says. "And there's one advantage. Sometimes we have an oddity around that isn't worth much until the news affects it. For example, my staff learned about an island near Alaska that has exploded and changed its surface a half dozen times in the last hundred years. The minute the

Nipponese invaded the Aleutians, we used it with the headline: ALASKA'S JAP TRAP!



"I like to deal with personalities. They don't have to be living. They can be dead and still newsworthy. Recently we ran an oddity on Julius Caesar, because it was timely! We said that, in 54 B. C., he invaded Great Britain to obtain tin for his weapon makers just as Hitler is invading Russia to obtain oil for his armies!"

Hix's factory, whence pours his ammunition, is merely a suite of rooms overlooking bustling Hollywood Boulevard. Jammed with rare and old books, filled with newspapers and magazines, the offices carry only one telephone—and that unlisted. When there were more phones, with numbers in the directory, Hix was flooded with about 200 calls a day from the incredulous in the Los Angeles area alone.

Ideas for big oddities come to Hix and his staff from many specific sources: newspaper clippings; radio programs like *Unlimited Horizons* or the University of California's *World of Today*; publicity offices of major industries. Glenn Martin Aircraft, for example, submits hundreds, of which a dozen have already been used.

It might be added that, of all topical oddities used, Hix finds aviation tid-bits the most popular. He never lets a week go by without at least one. One very popular one, published re-

cently, read: "The war lords of Germany in 1907, 35 years ago, expected eventually to vanquish Britain by air attack! Predictions published in a pamphlet by a German official!"

The OEM—Office of Emergency Management—is a particularly prolific source for Hix. He has his employees convert the dreary figures into exciting oddities that give the layman a better picture of necessities. For example, out of columns of OEM digits, Hix produced these oddities:

"Designing and constructing a battleship requires 100 tons of paper . . . The shellac in one phonograph record would waterproof the primers on 33,333 rifle cartridges! . . . There is sufficient metal in a juke box to make five machine guns!"

However, Hix's shelves of old books still prove the best source of ideas. His research staff listed the following volumes as the basis for the greatest number of oddities: *Wit, Wisdom, Fables of the Great* by Shriner; *Harper's Magazine*, 1850-60; *Percy's Anecdotes*, 1825; *Condition of Prisons in England, Scotland and Wales*, 1775; *English Antiquites*, 1870.

Asked to name some of the outstanding oddities he has published in the last decade, Hix immediately picked the following, explaining that

each was outstanding only because of the extraordinary amount of mail it drew:

1. George Washington



was not the first President of the United States. He was the eighth! . . . Under the Articles of Confederation, John Hanson, of Maryland, was named "President of the United States in Congress Assembled," in 1781, while Washington was still in command of the Revolutionary forces. Six others were given the same title before Washington was duly elected.

2. Was Queen Elizabeth a man? According to tradition, the Princess died when 10, and to deceive Henry VIII, a boy was hurriedly substituted and subsequently ruled as "Queen" Elizabeth! The story has never been disproved. . . . Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII, was sent to the isolated Cotswold town of Bisley to escape the plague in 1543. While there, the story goes, she died, and her guardian, a Mistress Ashley, hastily substituted a boy for the Princess, a forgotten orphan of the King's son.

3. Prophecy of the Pyramid! The history of the world from 4000 B.C. to 2001 A.D. was prophesied in the great Pyramid of Gizeh. . . . In the form of a marked yardstick extending along an inner passage of the pyramid, the prophecy has foreseen and dated with uncanny accuracy these past important events: the Exodus; the birth, death and resurrection of Christ; the rise of Islam; the Reformation; the American Revolution; the Declaration of Independence; the beginning and end of the World War; the economic depression of 1929-36. Next, a period of trial and human distress to continue until August 20, 1953!

John Hix was born in Huntsville,

Alabama, reared in Greenville, South Carolina. On March 29th, 1928, his first *Strange as It Seems* appeared. In the beginning, he did the whole thing himself. He never had time to check and re-check items. Once he accepted and ran a piece about a homing pigeon that had its wings clipped and hiked home, and when letters poured in, he was unable to find proof. From then on, proof became a fetish to Hix, and he hasn't been caught since!

Today, devoting all his energies to the 300 newspapers carrying his cartoon (one paper carries it in Yiddish, another in Chinese), John Hix gets his greatest thrill when he stumbles upon some curi-



ous deed showing the ingenuity of an average American, an ingenuity, he feels, which the Nazi mind can never match. At the drop of a question he will haul out one of his favorites:

"The wonder bridge! A 300-foot suspension bridge of old junk, across the Snake River, Wyoming, was engineered by Charles McCrary, a traveling odd-job man, who had never seen such a structure in his life! A post card picture of the San Fran-

isco Bay Bridge served as blueprints. And though government engineers said it would cost \$10,000, it was built for \$750!"

"Now that," says John Hix, "is really something!"

How It Began

BEDLAM: If the lunatics at the Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, in London, had not constantly raised such a rumpus, we might not have this interesting word in our language. *Bethlehem* gradually shortened to *bedlam*, and the meaning eventually changed to "any scene of uproar or confusion."

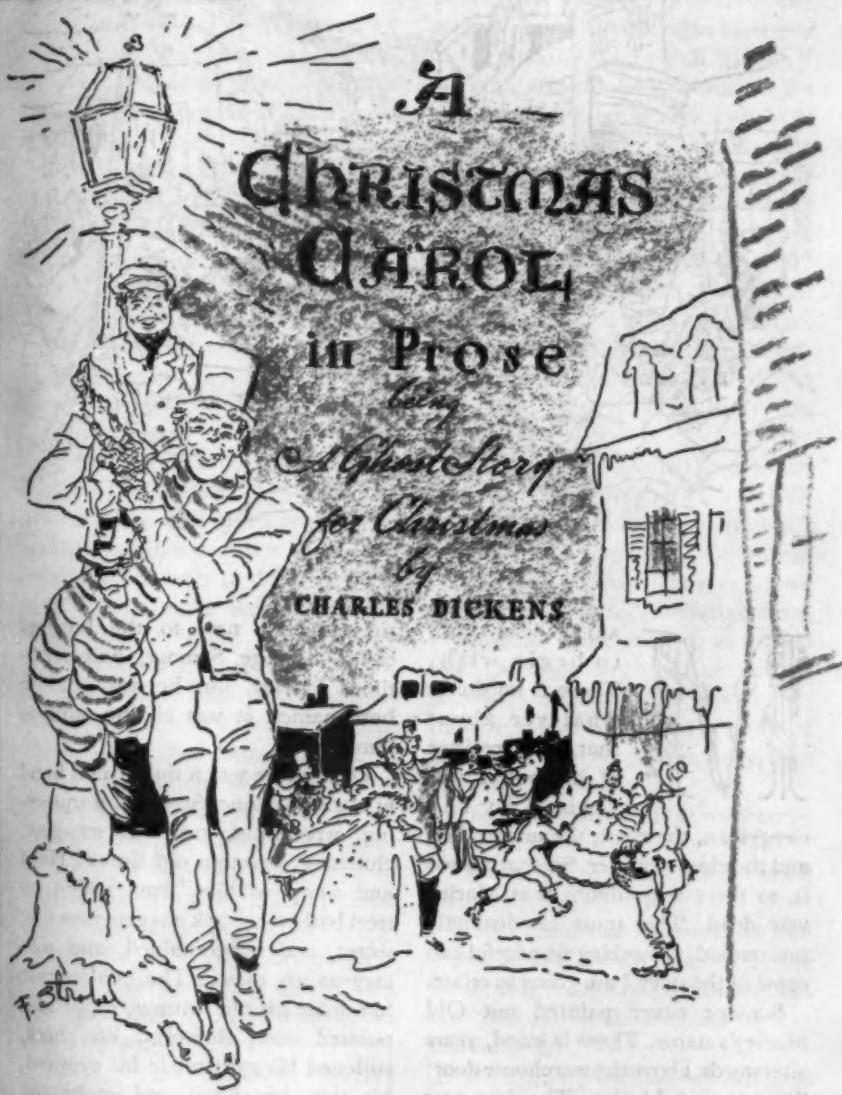
PANDEMONIUM: John Milton, the famous English poet, had his own ideas for a word describing a wild tumult. He put together the Greek prefix *pan*, all, and *daimon*, demons; and in *Paradise Lost* called Satan's palace by his newly coined word.

INSANE: A typical example of how meanings change. From the Latin *in*, not, and *sanus*, healthy, the word originally described a person suffering from any illness, mild or serious.

CRAZY: You're not far off the track when you call a demented person "cracked." The old English verb *crasen* meant to break or split, literally; and the subtle genius of our language aptly applied the word to persons whose minds had "broken."

—NORMAN LEWIS

Bookette:





MARLEY WAS dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it, so there is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Some-

times people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty

rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas time.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather; and though the city clocks had only just gone three, it was quite dark.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was still smaller. He couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried the cheerful voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure!"

"I do," said Scrooge, "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough."

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. Yes he should!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; and, therefore, uncle, though it had never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded him.

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute," said his nephew, and left the room without any angry

A Christmas Carol



word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them most cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; "my clerk, with 15 shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a Merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office.

"Scrooge and Marley's I believe?" said one of the gentlemen. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman,

taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the work houses and the prisons—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "let them do it, and decrease the surplus population. Good afternoon."

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge to the clerk.

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every 25th of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier the next morning."

SCROOGE TOOK his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, dreary enough for nobody to live in them but Scrooge.

by Charles Dickens

Now, it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow, as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up in its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath of hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He did pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door;

and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

Up the stairs Scrooge went, trimming his candle as he walked. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But, before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bedroom, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table; nobody under the sofa; nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in—double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his night-cap; and sat down before the fire. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked he saw this bell begin to

A Christmas Carol

swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased, as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; and tassels on the latter bristling like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was made of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see

the two buttons on his coat behind.

The spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom took off the bandage round his head, as if it were too warm indoors, and dropped its lower jaw down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link. Is its pattern strange to you?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this many Christmas Eves ago."

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some 50 or 60 fathoms of iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"Jacob Marley," he said imploringly. "Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"I am here tonight," pursued the

by Charles Dickens

Ghost, "to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping a similar fate.

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and for your own sake, remember what has passed between us in this room tonight!"

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, and was wide open when the spectre reached it, and floated out upon the

bleak, dark night.

Scrooge closed the window, and tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. Much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS



BEFORE THE hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE, light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn by a hand. Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man, diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible.

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long Past?" asked Scrooge, observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Scrooge then made bold to inquire



A Christmas Carol

what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said sharply:

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm. "Rise! and walk with me!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon the open country road, with fields on either hand.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares, long, long, forgotten.

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost.

But Scrooge begged the Ghost of Christmas Past to lead him on.

They walked along the road — Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree—until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting toward them, with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in

great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

As the travelers came on, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past? Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by all of his friends, is there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

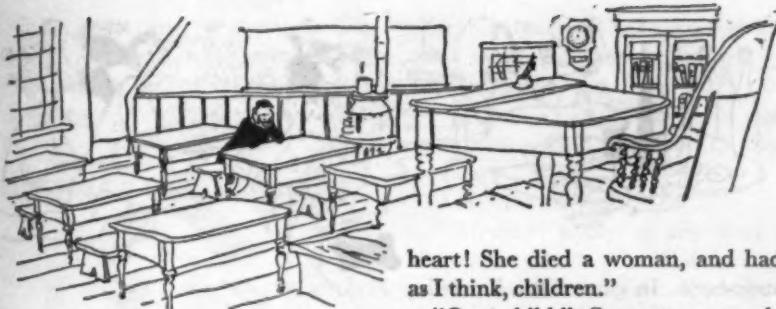
They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, to a bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, and looked about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff, "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

by Charles Dickens



The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew large at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and, with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously toward the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, said, "I have come to bring you home, dear brother!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brim full of glee. "Home, for good and all. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven. He spoke so gently to me one night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said 'Yes.' "

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large

heart! She died a woman, and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it?" said Scrooge, "I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow'-prentice.

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work for you tonight. It's Christmas Eve!"

Then in came a fiddler with a

A Christmas Carol



music-book. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business.

Away they all went, 20 couples at once. There were dances, and there were forfeits, and there was cake and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies and plenty of beer.

During the whole of this time Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking at him.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"It isn't small," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter self. "Fezziwig has the power

to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge. "I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; Scrooge and the Ghost again stood in the open air.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed: "Haunt me no longer!"

by Charles Dickens

And as he uttered the words, he was conscious of being overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom before he sank into a heavy sleep.

SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS



WAKENING IN the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, Scrooge had no occasion whatsoever to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. In easy state upon a couch, there sat a jolly giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, bordered with white fur. Its feet were bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its sparkling eye, and its joyful air.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. Tonight, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

The room, the fire, the ruddy glow,

the hour of night, all vanished and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge curiously.

"Because it needs it most."

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Then two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"There's Father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were every-

A Christmas Carol

where at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three foot of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

There never was such a goose. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed

potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! By now Mrs. Cratchit left the room—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! All sorts of horrors were supposed by the children.

Hello! A great deal of steam! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half or half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and with Christmas holly stuck into the top making a wonderful spectacle.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

AT LAST the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire.



by Charles Dickens

Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth.

Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race will find him here. What then? If he is likely to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief. But he raised it speedily on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The founder of the feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I

wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer. "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his."

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it.

After, they were 10 times merrier than before and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting. Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

Again the Ghost sped on and Scrooge found himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at his laughing nephew, niece and assembled friends with approving affability!

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. And all the other ladies expressed the very same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him. Who suffers by his ill whims! Himself, always."

After a while they played games and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the interest he had in what was going on that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes

A Christmas Carol

came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood, and looked upon him with such favor that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what. The brisk fire of questioning elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! It's your uncle Scr-o-o-oge!"

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink to his health. Here with mulled wine, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

Then the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. In alms-house, hospital and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his

little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

The bell struck Twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground toward him.

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS



HE PHANTOM was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" asked Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

The Phantom moved away as it had come toward him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

"It's likely to be a cheap funeral,"

by Charles Dickens



said another, "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked toward the Spirit for an explanation.

The scene changed, and now Scrooge almost touched a bed on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of a man.

He lay in the dark empty house, with not a man, a woman or a child to say that he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him.

"Spirit!" Scrooge said, quite agonized, "if there is any person in the

town who feels emotion caused by this man's death, show that person to me, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were. At length a long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband. When she asked him faintly what news, he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke the truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of her heart.

Yes, it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," begged Scrooge.

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

A Christmas Carol

Just then Bob came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and each child laid a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

"I wish you could all have gone today," said Bob. "It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it.

Then Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had met on the street that day.

"Now it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim."

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how."

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him to a churchyard. It stood among the graves, and pointed down to one.

The Spirit was immovable as ever. Scrooge crept toward it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Good Spirit," he cried, as down upon the ground he fell before it: "Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life?"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, the Future. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

THE END OF IT



ES! AND THE bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I have been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge,

by Charles Dickens

calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging in the poultcher's window — not the little prize turkey: the big one?"

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. No one ever made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant that three or four good-humored fellows said "Good-Morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterward, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest.

He had not gone far, when coming on toward him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, taking the old gentleman by both hands.

"A Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness—" here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you."

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what so say to such munifi—"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. It was clear he meant it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "Thank



A Christmas Carol

you fifty times. Bless you!"

In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred. "Who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. If he could only be there first, and find Bob Cratchit late!

And he did it; yes, he did!

"Halloo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge. "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling for help and a straight-waistcoat.



"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more: and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as any in the good old world.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterward: and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

Picture Story:

Hold It, Mr. President.

by JOHNNY THOMPSON, *Presidential Photographer for Time Newspictures*

In Introduction by Ollie Atkins of the Washington Daily News

Johnny Thompson is a lanky, mustached, likable fellow who has been clicking his camera at presidents and "important" in Washington since the days of the old powder flash cameras. That makes about 15 years of picture-making, including every important story in our nation's capital. Today, at 34, he can recall traveling all over this hemisphere—usually with the President of the United States. His pictures (some of those on the following pages you have undoubtedly seen before) appear in about 650 newspapers.

Press cameramen all over the United States know Johnny Thompson as the Acme cameraman with the President. He holds one of the most coveted photographer's positions in the world—as White House presidential photographer. But now let Johnny speak for himself—and in the language he knows best:



I made this picture about four years ago of President Roosevelt's desk just after he had retired for the day. Cigarette butts seem to predominate in the mass of gadgets and trinkets. And, of course, donkeys out-number elephants by a comfortable majority.



This is the very best study I ever made of the President. As a matter of fact, it isn't easy to get pictures like this of the Chief. You don't just say: "Smile pretty, please." Rather, you wait your opportunity and then shoot what he does as he does it.



That's President Hoover congratulating President-elect Roosevelt just before the inaugural ceremonies on March 4, 1933. Little did I know then that I'd be clicking the most important pictures of my career of Mr. Roosevelt for a full 12 years.



This scene is one which the President enjoys most of all. He and Mrs. Roosevelt were slicing turkey at a Thanksgiving Day dinner for crippled children at Warm Springs, Georgia. This was in 1935.



I think this is the best action picture I ever made of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt together. It was at Stamford, Connecticut, during his campaign for re-election in 1936.



Once, at Charlotte, North Carolina, the President remained in his car during a downpour of rain, and I was able to click this unusual coughing picture. If you think the President looks wet, you should have seen my camera. And me!



This picture, sometimes called "Rain or Shine," is probably the most widely used I have ever made. Those water drops are not rain but drops of water which fell onto the film from the wet slide covering. Apparently this mistake just added to the effectiveness of the picture, though.



"What size fish, Mr. President?" I asked the Chief from my photographer's boat alongside the Presidential fishing boat in the Gulf. This is what he answered—it made a swell picture as you can see.



President Roosevelt autographed this picture for me. I am very proud of it—especially since I am the only still photographer whom the President calls by first name.



I was in another boat and called out to the President, asking what luck he'd had. He didn't hear me, and I shot this picture of him as he cupped his ear. It was during a fishing trip in the Gulf of Mexico. The President, incidentally, landed a 77-pound tarpon on the trip.



He was ready to tour his Hyde Park estate here. Notice the angle of that cigarette holder. He was explaining to us that he had 80 acres of Christmas trees and 300 acres in continuous standing forests. So the estate isn't so much a "farm" as a "forest project," he remarked.



This looked like Mrs. Roosevelt was doing some "back seat driving," so I clicked this picture of the Mrs. telling the President how and where to drive. It was at Warm Springs, Georgia, in 1938. They were on their way to Pine Mountain to inspect a rural settlement project.



I clicked this shot of the Chief wiping his brow in the intense heat at Pensacola, Florida, as he left the heavy cruiser Houston. The Presidential car was out on a dock at this time.



This picture was made at Kingston, Ontario, in 1938. He is shown pledging U. S. defense of Canada if she is ever attacked by a foreign power.



The President tips his hat to people outside St. James Episcopal Church. This was in October of 1938. The rector prayed for peace that day.



Here's a shot I snapped of the head man squinting at the new Diesel locomotive which pulled the Presidential Special train. A lot of papers captioned it *What Lies Ahead?* He does look like he's scrutinizing the future, at that.



This is getting both ends of a real Presidential conversation. Here President Roosevelt is asking Vice President John Garner to spin him a new story. The occasion was the Jackson Day Dinner at the Mayflower in 1940.



Apparently "Cactus Jack" had a good Texas yarn for the eager Presidential ear—with gestures. But did FDR like it? What do you think? One newspaper commented that Garner appeared to be frisking the Chief for a shoulder holster. This was third-term election year, you may remember.



After making six negatives with his eyes closed in every photo, I got this swell candid shot of the President addressing a labor convention in Washington back in 1940. Election was just two months away, then.



"Getting good facial expression on the President is one of my main objectives. This shot was made with a Kodak lens back in 1939."



"Just after his Gulf fishing trip, the President spoke to a crowd of several thousands at Galveston, Texas."



"This is a good close-up of the President shouting to crowds at a Maryland political rally in the fall of '38."



It is no easy trick to get an exclusive picture of the President. You might think this shot of the Chief telling his pet dog, Fala, to get out of the car was a scoop—but all the other boys made the same thing, too.



It's the President and the First Lady again—this time all dressed up for the Easter parade. I snapped the Chief tipping his hat to crowds just after he had attended Easter services.



... usual, at the opening ball game in 1938 (between the Senators and the Athletics) FDR threw out the first ball of the year.



That's the President with two of his grandsons. It was Christmas, 1939.



Just before Christmas in 1940, I saw the Chief holding down his hat during a sudden gust of wind, as he left his farm in Warm Springs.



This was one of the many Fireside Chats the President made. Notice the black arm band he wears in mourning of his mother's death.



A Fireside Chat: "Mr. President, please say a few words for the stills before you go on the air." "Okay, Johnny, here 'tis." He'd been President just two years. Compare this picture with the one below!



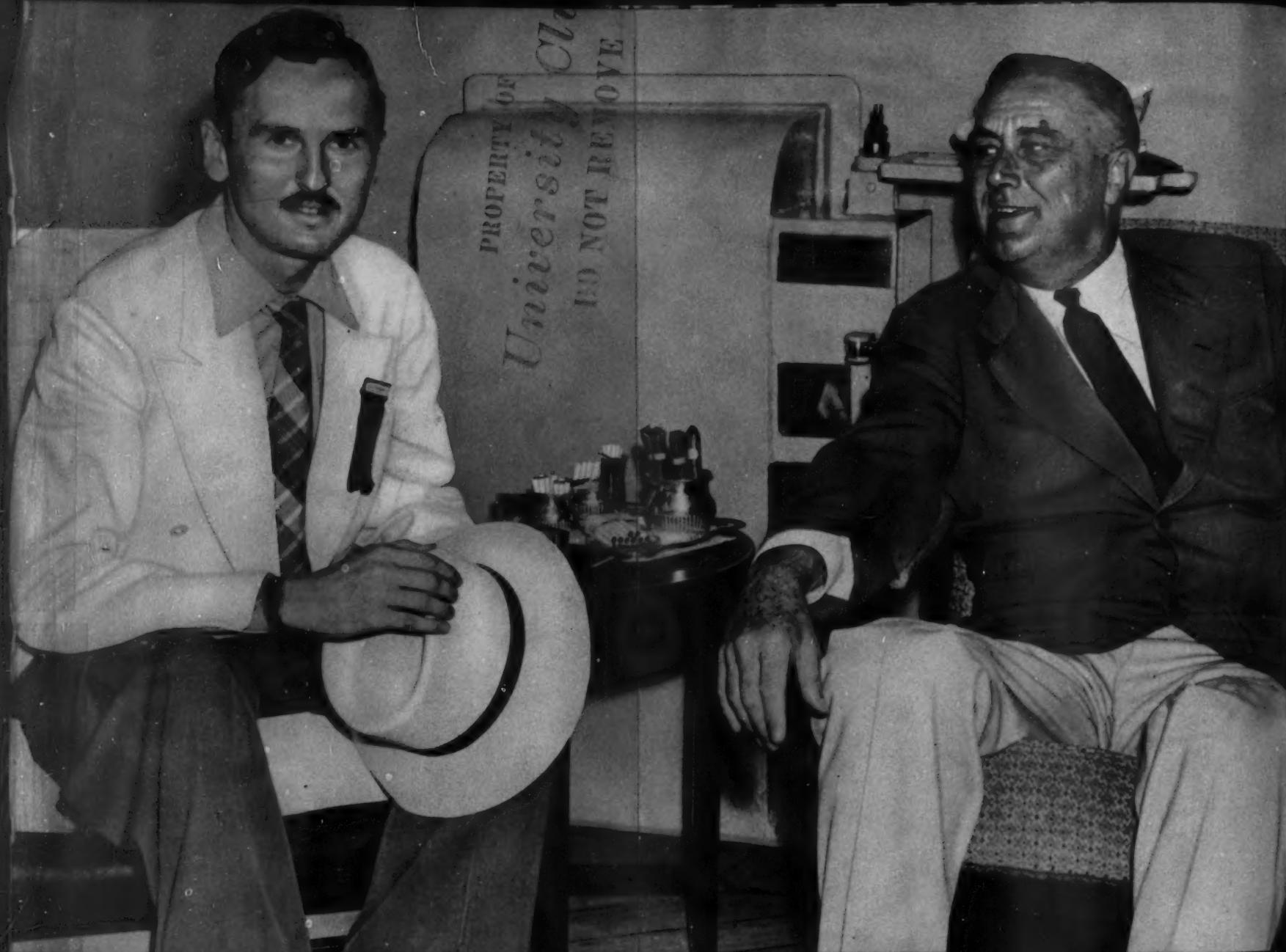
I thought I was tough, but this scene put me under a tension, too. It was, of course, the moment when President Roosevelt signed the joint Congressional resolution declaring that a state of war exists with Japan.



DURING the present emergency it has been especially hard to photograph the President. I finally caught him during Queen Wilhelmina's visit—in August. He was at the rear of the White House under a canopy, for it was raining like mad. Light-

ing conditions were the worst I've ever experienced for color. But despite all difficulties, the shot was certainly worth the time and trouble—for Coronet gets just about the best shot I've ever made of FDR. An exclusive this time, too!

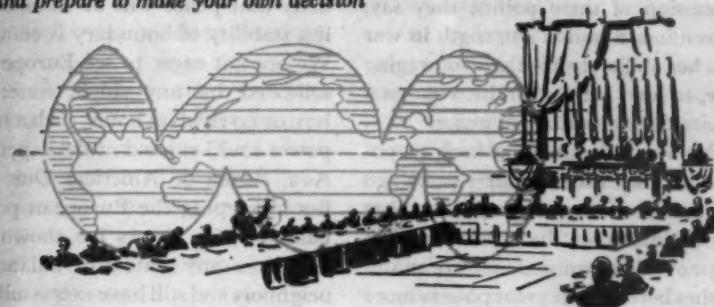
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TIRIED of always being on the business end of a camera, I got one of the boys, in July of 1938, to shoot my picture with the Commander-in-Chief on board the heavy cruiser Houston in the Panama Canal. As

you may remember, the Houston was lost in the Battle of Java last March. Incidentally, note that bowl-full of Presidential special cigars sitting on the table. The President never smokes cigars—but I always help myself.

Geopolitics—the Nazi science of conquest. Can its facts support a Democratic peace? Read them and prepare to make your own decision



Geography Goes to War

by GRETA PALMER

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO Americans got a sneak preview of what might be on the peace table. It was a post-war world map, published and drawn to "democratic specifications" by George T. Renner, geography professor at Columbia's Teachers College. But beholders doubted its justice. They stared at a Europe where Switzerland was no more, where Poland was squashed even thinner between Russia and Germany, where Italy took possession of the hotly contested North African desert. What they saw looked like a Nazi victory and all over the country editorials and letters indicted the map as a blueprint for Hitler.

But geopolitics would prove them wrong. And Dr. Renner, a tenth generation American, is a believer in this science which so far only Germany has exploited—to our great disadvantage. He is not alone; for a growing number of indubitably bona fide colleagues

agree with him that geographic disputes far outweigh the protestations of statesmen in the fight to keep peace, and that the best way to avoid wars is to balance the powers so evenly that every nation is fully occupied in protecting her own realm. Correct or no, they certainly plan to air their views after the armistice.

Now geography is the study of the earth's surface; politics that of the forms of human government. Geopolitics studies the effect of geography on the relations between states, in peace and in war. Simple geographers might find the Ozark Mountains as interesting as the western Alps which divide Italy from France; but the Ozarks, set cozily in the center of a united country, do not interest the geopolitician. The Alps are another matter—they enter into European strategy—and strategic points are studied by the geopolitician, whether

they are natural barriers, like rivers, or man-made naval bases and airfields. Possession of these points, they say, determines a nation's strength in war and her ability, by the threat of waging war, to hold her own in international affairs during periods of peace.

But we and our allies lack geopolitical consciousness. Thirty years ago Homer Lea warned the British that the shrinking of the world through improved communications made clashes between the great powers more likely, and that the threat to British sea power might come in Asia; he was ignored. Geopoliticians said in 1934 that airpower, combined with railroads, had increased the chances that Singapore would be attacked from the land side, and they told the world that its guns pointed the wrong way.

Instead of using geography as a protective weapon, however, we and the British have thought of it as a means to better ourselves financially: most of us value the Panama Canal, for instance, as a shorter trade route, forgetting its value to increased naval mobility.

Even so, is geography as important a cause of war as experts would believe? Probably. Governments change, but the limitations of territory remain the same. For instance, Russia under the Czars and Russia under Stalin has had the same strong interest in a warm water port.

Thinking this way, we realize that geopolitical logic does apply to the United States. And if we accept its main premise, that no great country

ever limited expansion because of satiation or good will, it is hard to deny that peace will be more secure if a stability of boundary is enforced. We are not eager to see Europe consolidated by any single state; for, having no rivals at home, such a strong power could expand at the expense of Asia, Africa or America. Our hope lies in keeping the European powers balanced; for history has shown that whenever any state can balance its neighbors and still have excess military strength, it uses this strength for foreign adventures. In the western hemisphere we completely outweigh any possible combination of South American powers: if we did not, we could not afford to be at war in Europe and Asia.

GEOPOLITICS; however, does more than explain the causes of wars and suggest means to prevent them. Its greatest usefulness to the Nazis today lies in its hints on the *winning* of wars. Geopolitics and military strategy are very close if you accept Dr. Renner's definition of war as "geography in motion."

Geopoliticians ask you to study a map of the Pacific Ocean, noting that our pre-war naval bases at San Francisco, Samoa, Manila and Dutch Harbor made a rectangle, with Pearl Harbor at the center. Before the day of air power, this map spelt American control of the Pacific. But, say the geopoliticians, we underestimated Japan when we said she had "bogged down in China." If we had studied the *air power* map of the Pacific, we should have seen that she was carefully con-

quering only the coastal areas of China and was building air fields there, from which she could extend a "canopy of airpower" along the fringes of the ocean.

Such an air power map suggests to one American geopolitician that our fleet, early in December, might have been better employed between Manila and Hong Kong than in Hawaii, thousands of miles removed from the spot where Japan was hoping to extend her sovereignty. This map also shows the importance, today, of Japan's hold on the Aleutian Islands—they help her to extend her air canopy around the northwestern shores of the Pacific. Since the Allies' only possible interior communication with Russia is through the northern ports, the Japanese command of Kiska and the German seizure of Spitzbergen have an immense strategic importance.

Looking at today's other war maps, the geopoliticians tell us that Germany would not now be fighting for Egypt if the Suez Canal had not changed the geopolitical balance of the world and made Egypt, instead of South Africa, territory essential to the British Empire in safeguarding her lifelines. Geopolitics, you see, is a subject whose values constantly shift: the building of railroads, the dependence of modern weapons on oil fields, the construction of new airfields—all these things affect geography, from the geopolitical point of view.

It is the job of a country's geopoliticians to watch the shifting strategic map of the world and to warn

her statesmen of the meaning of these changes: for instance, our own geopoliticians in 1934 urged that we plant rubber in Brazil. They had foreseen the possibility of our being cut off from the Far East, but economists overruled them, because of the cheapness of Asiatic labor.

Now, geopoliticians warn against too purely economic an interpretation of history. They say that our government should not be misled by its economists' reports that if the Axis conquered all North Africa, much of Australia, all Russia and China and the Near East, their resources would still be only equal to our own. This is true, but under such conditions, the Axis would be fighting on interior lines, while we would be in the difficult position of attempting to break in. The spots at which our breakthrough might reasonably come, then or now, are around Iran and Iraq and in Burma. A European invasion might be a useful invasion, they say, but it could not cut into the heart of Axis-occupied countries; it could never win the war.

While we are mustering our geopolitical wisdom, however, we must face the fact that against us is arrayed the most comprehensive body of geopolitical knowledge the world has ever seen. Geopolitics has never been used in war on the same scale as today: the Munich Institute has such subdivisions of learning as geopsychology, which told the German High Command the wisdom of sending northern German troops to Norway, since they could adapt themselves to the climate more

easily than Bavarian soldiers. Its study of geomedicine tells the German generals how many troops will probably succumb to dysentery in the North African campaign, so that substitutes can be sent. Our own geopoliticians would like to pit their knowledge against Major General Haushofer's, but so far none of them has been taken into the inner councils of our own war cabinets.

They are, therefore, forced back upon the task of planning a post-war world in which such wars will be less likely. Some of their recommendations are criticized by sentimentalists: yet geopolitics, they say, is no more concerned with ethics or sentiment than a test-tube. Dr. Spykman of Yale, for instance, states that after the war European colonies in this hemisphere must go. How we attain them—whether by conquest, purchase, or as part payment for Lend-Lease supplies—is not properly a geopolitical question, but so long as they remain under European dominance he considers them geographical powder-kegs. Dr. Renner suggests that after the war the British West Indies be given to Canada, the Falkland Islands to the Argentine, the Dutch Leeward Islands to Venezuela and our own Puerto Rico to Cuba; he would give Martinique to the French-speaking portion of Canada. And if this high-handed reshuffling shocks you, remember that we were able to purchase Alaska and the Virgin Islands quite peacefully.

The same geopolitical viewpoint suggests that Europe should be carved up into political units of nearly equal

strength. Buffer states, like Belgium, once served a geopolitical purpose; their borders were guaranteed by so many strong countries that it was hoped no neighbor would dare invade them for fear of bringing in too many enemies. But air power has turned small countries into what geopoliticians call "power vacuums": Belgium in 1940 was, in Dr. Renner's words, "A rat trap for the British Army and the weakest line in France's border defense." If the people of small nations resent these implications, they might remember that their land will be a battlefield in every war.

If Europe becomes evenly balanced—a formidable task—the United States is then so situated geographically that our statesmen must be equally interested in a balanced Asia. Geopoliticians agree that America is safe from European invasion so long as England, a natural barrier, is in friendly hands. They point out the parallel desirability of our having Asiatic protection in the form of a Japan with a friendly government. A consolidated Asia, under any power, they consider a threat to the peace of the world.

Our American hope that human nature will change as soon as the war ends is held extremely unlikely by the geopolitical experts; they prefer that we make our plans in the belief that men and their leaders will remain much what they have always been. And while geopolitics may not tell the whole story, its champions believe that it will write an important chapter in the records of reconstruction.

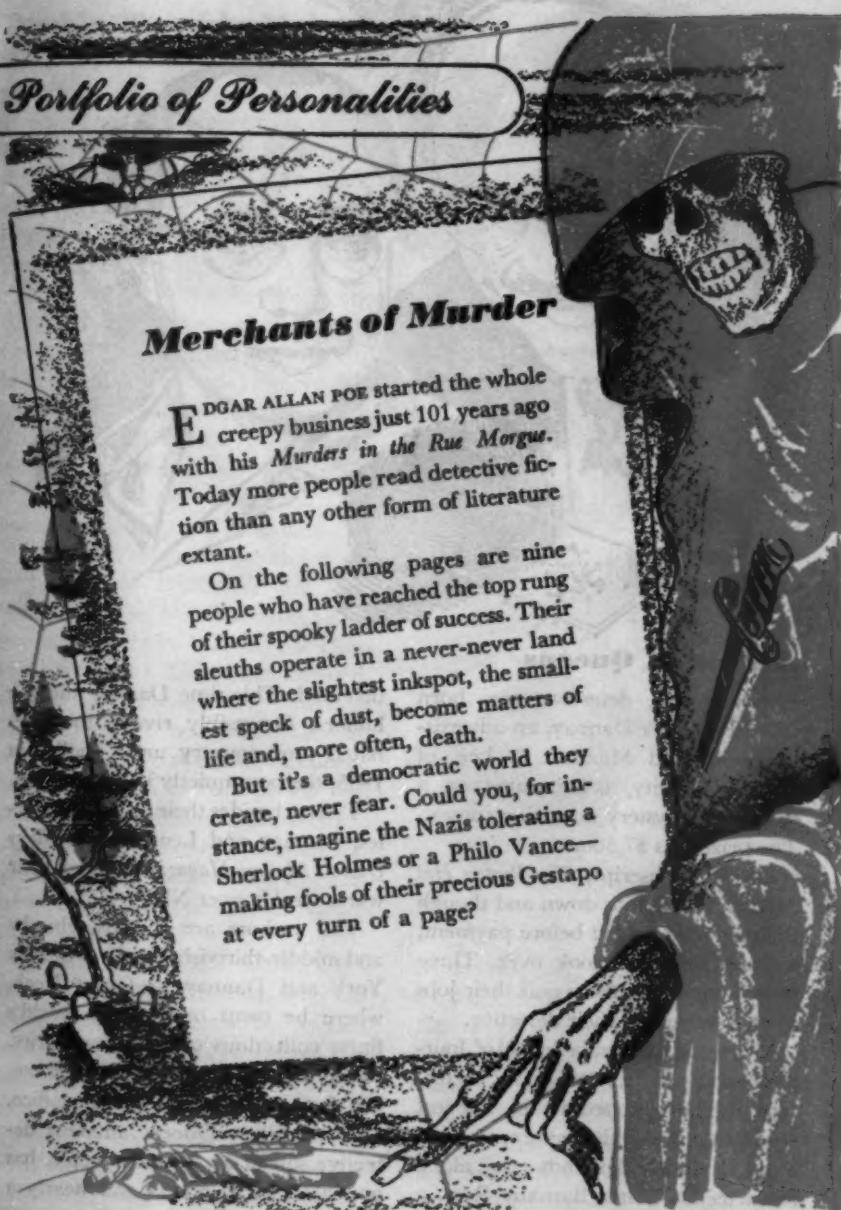
Portfolio of Personalities

Merchants of Murder

EDGAR ALLAN POE started the whole creepy business just 101 years ago with his *Murders in the Rue Morgue*. Today more people read detective fiction than any other form of literature extant.

On the following pages are nine people who have reached the top rung of their spooky ladder of success. Their sleuths operate in a never-never land where the slightest inkspot, the smallest speck of dust, become matters of life and, more often, death.

But it's a democratic world they create, never fear. Could you, for instance, imagine the Nazis tolerating a Sherlock Holmes or a Philo Vance—making fools of their precious Gestapo at every turn of a page?





A Pair of Queens

Ellery Queen, detective, was born when Frederick Dannay, an advertising man, and Manfred B. Lee, of movie publicity, collaborated on a story for a mystery magazine contest. The prize was \$7,500.

Their manuscript, *The Roman Hat Mystery*, won hands down and though the magazine folded before payment, a book publisher took over. Three years later the authors quit their jobs to concentrate on their detective.

When the Columbia School of Journalism invited "Ellery Queen" to lecture, the boys flipped a coin. Lee lost—so he delivered the lecture, wearing a mask. Similar demands came along for detective-writer Barnaby Ross, a second pen name which the boys had

invented. This time Dannay did the honors. Ostensibly rivals, they debated cross-country until finally, in 1935, the boys quietly killed off Ross.

Today, besides their published stories, Dannay and Lee put out *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, and sell their wares weekly over NBC.

The authors are cousins, chunky and middle-thirtyish. Lee lives in New York and Dannay in Great Neck, where he owns one of the world's finest collections of detective stories. Most of their work is done at home, but they also have a Manhattan office.

Their Ellery Queen, amateur detective son of a police inspector, has appeared in 19 novels and nearly a dozen motion pictures.

Double Trouble-Maker

On a previous page you met two gentlemen who write as one. Here you meet one lady who writes as two. Her name is Mrs. Zenith Brown, but she's known both as Leslie Ford and as David Frome—creators respectively of Colonel Primrose and Mr. Evan Pinkerton.

Mrs. Brown-Ford-Frome is the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman. One of 11 children, she happened to be born in California, where her father was ministering at the time. That was in 1898. In 1918, she married Ford K. Brown, who now teaches at St. John's College, Maryland. They have one daughter, Janet, aged 15.

As David Frome, she began writing in London in 1928. Her shy little Welsh detective, Mr. Pinkerton, sidled into the picture in 1929 in *The Hammersmith Murders*. Always embarrassed, always sentimental, Mr. Pinkerton has been called the Charlie Chaplin of detectives. He operates, of course, in England, and to keep herself well posted on background and idiomatic expression, Miss Frome has made frequent trips to England. Few Englishmen know David Frome is an American woman.

As Leslie Ford, Mrs. Brown's detective is Colonel Primrose, who has conducted a tour of crime in America (much the same as Pinkerton has been covering the English countryside). All of which gives Mrs. Brown a welcome opportunity to travel. The Ford stories are well-bred and sophisticated—never dealing with maniacs or gangsters. Her murderers (and



corpses) generally are polished ladies and gentlemen.

In the Primrose stories, the narrator is one Grace Latham, of whom it has been said: "study her and you study Leslie Ford." Mrs. Brown of course denies it. She is tall, slender, smart and witty—or to use words she despises when applied to herself, utterly charming.

Mr. and Mrs.

Frances and Richard Lockridge, husband-and-wife collaborators on the famous Mr. and Mrs. North mystery novels, are from Missouri. They grew up together there, Mr. working on the *Kansas City Star*, Mrs. on the *Post*. In 1922 they married and moved to New York.

For the past two decades, Richard Lockridge has worked for the *New York Sun*—as drama critic since 1928. Mrs. Lockridge spends her free time writing publicity for charities.

The Lockridges invented Mr. and Mrs. North in 1932, taking an incident from their own experience. From then on, one story led to another, the

Norths gradually becoming completely fictional—a fact which few of their friends accepted.

When the Norths got involved in Murder, that straightened out some of their friends. "The rest," says Lockridge, "just assume Frances *did* find a body in a bathtub."

From the start, Frances has thought up the plots and characters, and Richard has written the story. Recently, Hollywood casting showed the public what the Norths look like, William Post and Gracie Allen playing the roles. The latest Lockridge novel, *Death on the Aisle*, came out in April, published by Lippincott.





Keeper of the Gray Cells

Born on England's Devon coast in the 1890's, Agatha Miller started writing at an early age, encouraged by her widow mother. Her only other ambition—operatic—was scotched after a year's study in Paris. She couldn't sing, to put it bluntly. In 1914 she married Colonel Archibald Christie, by whom she had her only child, a daughter. She was divorced in 1928, and in 1930 married Max Edgar Lucien Mallowan.

First woman to make a name for herself in the field, Mrs. Christie had her first go at detective fiction during the last war. She was working in a VAD hospital at the time, and had bet her sister she could write a story in which the reader could not guess the criminal.

She was only modestly successful until 1926, when her *Murder of Roger Ackroyd* was published. It set off a still unsettled world-wide debate on whether she had played fair with readers who like to deduce on their

own. The same year, she made world headlines on yet another count: reported missing, she became the subject of an all-England police search. And then, suddenly, she was found—a victim of amnesia. Entirely by accident she had achieved the double publicity scoop of the decade.

Hercule Poirot, her detective, is a Belgian who stands five feet four, with an egg-shaped head cocked over his left shoulder. With Hercule it is "the little gray cells" which count; he prefers to sit in his study and sift the clues until he hits on a solution.

Agatha Christie continues to publish her volumes (through Dodd, Mead in the U. S.) at a mildly prolific rate. Among the latest are *Nor M* and *Evil under the Sun*.



Prolific Lawyer

Perry Mason, energetic lawyer-detective, was created by a 34-year-old California lawyer who in 1923 made \$12 off freelance writing and felt a terrific urge to change professions.

So Erle Stanley Gardner gave writing a whirl and at the end of his first year added up checks to the amount of \$975. His fifth year netted him \$6,000 and in 1931 (depression) he amassed \$20,000 from writing alone. Needless to say, the law practice had by this time faded into the background.

Gardner was born in 1889 in Malden, Massachusetts and was raised in gold mining camps. At 17, he was a prize-fighter. At 21 he was admitted to the bar in California (via night school). At 23, he married a girl from Mississippi; they have one daughter.

Not until 1933 did Gardner's first two works appear in novel form. Published by William Morrow, his titles — *The Case of the Sulky Girl* and *The Case of the Velvet Claws* — were the kind the public couldn't resist. Maga-

zines bought serial rights to his later mysteries, and Hollywood joined the bandwagon. On the screen, Warren William became Perry Mason.

But Gardner had hardly started. For diversion, he created two more detectives — Terry Crane and Douglas Selby.

Gardner works long hours at high speed — with a barrage of dictaphones and secretaries. Writing on the run satisfies his restlessness and a caravan of two specially built trailers keeps him moving. Lengthy trips and archery are his pet antidotes for overwork.

Master of Wimsey

In a Columbia University Press detective fiction poll last year, Dorothy Sayers was voted "most popular writer" by a wide margin. What's more, of fictional detectives, her Lord Peter Wimsey won first honors.

Dorothy L. Sayers was born at Oxford (her father was headmaster of a boys' school there) and attended Oxford University (one of the first women ever to attain an Oxford degree). After graduation she wrote advertising copy, branching out into story writing. In 1926 she married Captain Atherton Fleming, famous World War correspondent.

She's a strong feminist and believes women should carry their share of the economic-domestic burden.

There was a time when Dorothy Sayers pooh-poohed the idea of love-interest in a detective story—but that was before her Lord Peter saved the life of Harriet Vane, in *Strong Poison* (1930). In subsequent mysteries, Miss Sayers had Lord Peter propose to Harriet (*Gaudy Night*), and marry her (*Busman's Honeymoon*).

Lord Peter hasn't absorbed quite all of Miss Sayers' talents, however. She has another detective-creation, Montague Egg, wine seller extraordinary. And her critical essays on detective fiction are studied by the most scholarly students in the field.

To the rank and file, though, Dorothy Sayers will always remain Lord Peter Wimsey's Pygmalion.





Little Sister

Helen Reilly could have just rested on her family laurels.

Her late father, Dr. James Michael Kieran, was President of Hunter College in New York. Her three brothers are John Kieran, *New York Times* sports writer and walking encyclopedia on *Information Please*; James Kieran, formerly Secretary to Mayor La Guardia; and Leo Kieran, also of the *Times*. Her husband is artist-cartoonist Paul Reilly. Married in 1914, she is the mother of four children.

She didn't rest on family laurels, though. Instead, she went out and invented Inspector McKee of the New York Homicide Bureau. Her specialty: a story straight from the shoulder according to police procedure.

Inspector McKee is a lean and dour

Scot. Polite, educated and suave, he is not a typical "flatfoot" but an executive in one of the most highly developed detective series in America.

Mrs. Reilly is a great exponent of the Guilty Secret — maintains that most every existence contains at least one. "Find it," she advises. "Then add a threat of exposure; drop in several ounces of blackmail and pour in seven or eight adjacent lives."

Her theory about characters is equally simple: "Just pick them from among your unfortunate acquaintances—fictionalizing them, of course!"

Mrs. Reilly, a native New Yorker, lives today in Westport, Connecticut.

She has about a dozen books under her money-belt, publishing through Random House.

Your Other Life

now it will probably not be long before we are all aware of this new trend. In fact, we have already seen some good and well-known authors who have set to work on the subject of "What is real?" This sort of book will find a wide market among men and women.



The idea that we live two lives is as old as man.

These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"

... Here are the attested facts of how Mrs. Clara B. Crebs came into the possession of certain information which the U. S. Censor would not pass because it "might give aid or comfort to the enemy."

Her husband, an officer in the American armed forces, telegraphed that he was being transferred to an unknown destination and that it might be months before he could inform her as to the location of his outfit. Three nights later, Mrs. Crebs dreamed she went to her front gate to meet the postman, who handed her an enormous letter.

She saw nothing on the envelope except the return address. This she carefully memorized and upon awakening wrote it down.

The next day she wired her husband at the dream address. The wire

was delivered promptly, the address being absolutely correct. The message caused a minor tempest while the commanding officer of the outfit asked viciously, "Who was the — — — who told his gal where we were?"

—From Mrs. Christina J. Ruggans
Tucson, Arizona

... In the official records of the Criminal Court of Illinois may be found the following facts:

One night in 1915 the mother of a certain Carl Wanderer muttered in her sleep, "My boy—Carl—they are hanging him!" Awakening a few moments later, she told her daughter that she had dreamed that her son—

then a model boy—was being hanged. She had seen the black cap pulled over his face and his body dropping through the trap.

After being soothed by her family, Mrs. Wanderer went back to sleep. The length of her sleep is questionable, for when her family came in the morning to awaken her, she was dead.

Five years later, on June 21, 1920, Carl Wanderer, then living in Chicago, shot and killed his young wife. On September 30, 1920, having been duly convicted for murder, he took the final thirteen steps of his life, stood calmly while the trap was sprung.

The story of the strange dream five years out of place in time was written into the record of Wanderer's trial.

—From J. D. Bayne
Vancouver, Canada



• • • Needing a moment's rest, artist George William Barning flopped into an easy chair in his Westwood, New Jersey, studio. He soon dozed off, dreaming of a familiar snow-covered landscape.

Suddenly, he was horrified to see the dead body of a dog, half airedale, half German shepherd, which was owned by the landlady from whom he rented his studio. The dog, named King, had obviously been killed by a passing car. Barning noted that the body was frozen hard.

A few minutes after awakening, he

described the dream to the landlady's daughter.

That night the dog did not return home, and the following day it was picked up, dead and frozen, at the exact spot seen by Barning in his dream. When the local dog warden came to collect his fee for the disposal of the dog's body, the animal's mistress said: "Leave his collar on when you bury him. He loved it, always seemed lost without it." The warden said he would.

The following night Barning slept in his studio. In the morning his wife, who had spent the night at the Barning home, ten miles away, phoned and related a peculiar dream of the night before, in which she had seen a large dog following her husband. Her description of the dog tallied exactly with King—whom she had never seen. In the dream the dog seemed much disturbed because Barning would not give him his collar, which lay on a bench nearby.

After Barning had recounted his dream to his landlady, they decided to visit the dog warden. On entering that official's office, they found King's collar lying on a bench. The warden then confessed that he had thought the woman's request silly and had buried the dog without its beloved collar.

—From George William Barning
Bordentown, New Jersey

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Your Other Life," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

Their pictures don't get in the papers; reporters rarely tell about them. Yet the men of Canada's corvettes are sweeping submarines from the seas



Atlantic Bronchos

by JOHN RHODES STURDY

IN THE NEWSPAPER business I used to be a six-finger typist . . . three fingers of each hand. Now I am back to one hand production because I need the other to keep the machine from ending up on the floor.

You see, these days, I am gunnery officer on a Canadian corvette.

And the rather peculiar motion of a corvette, sometimes described as a cross between a whip and a roller coaster, does strange things to a typewriter, such as keeping the carriage suspended in mid-air half the time. As a matter of fact, if the printer followed the original manuscript, you would be reading something that looked like this: "THIS Is an ARTICLE oN CANADIAN CORVETTEs iN The NortH ATLANTIC war zOne."

The steward, who has retrieved my typewriter and me from the wardroom floor several times, thinks I am mad to even consider writing under

such conditions. After a couple of weeks at sea he thinks we're all mad. We hear him mumbling: "We're going 'round the bend, we're going 'round the bend." Which in corvette language means we're headed for the nearest nuthouse.

We're not quite that bad. A few days in port, a pile of letters from home and we're almost sane people. Nevertheless, when one is subjected to this "corvette rhumba" for days and nights on end, while the body moves constantly in an arc of 60 to 90 degrees, one begins to wonder just how close he is to going round the bend.

We have come to the end of a winter that those of us who serve on the North Atlantic are not likely to forget. It was not nice. And yet—despite the weather we had and the tight convoy schedules we kept—if I walked into the mess decks now and said: "Men, you're all being drafted

ashore permanently," I'd probably get a tremendous cheer at first, and then, when they realized what I had said, practically all of them would set up a holler. Ashore for leave—oh, let them at it! But permanently? Not this war, buddy!

Ours is a compact little world. For most of us this ship has been our home for several months, and, aboard a small ship, we have come to know one another pretty well. We are not like the two British naval officers who served in the same battleship for six months and then met for the first time at a cocktail party ashore. There is close co-operation between officers and men, practically all of them wartime volunteers, coming from jobs that seem far away in a past that they hope to recreate some day. Only better.

ON NIGHTS when the moon is high and the convoy is steaming smoothly, I can see the faces of men—lookouts and signalmen—who came into this thing without the slightest idea of the sea or ships, who were trained by bawling gunners' mates to take orders (something new and strange to a lot of them), and then, out of divisions from one end of the country to the other, they moved to the sea. And I can say that when it comes, sometimes in the twinkling of an eye, the screaming alarm bell, the sky lit up with bursting star shells, that I'll be glad to have them with me.

When they go to action stations they move fast, and in their eyes is a fighting seaman's look. They hate Hitler's guts. They know too much about his

methods to retain any compassion in their hearts for the enemy.

The Navy's big job on the Atlantic has been the convoying of merchant ships to Great Britain. From a small beginning in local escort and patrol work, the field of activity for the corvettes has grown to include the whole of the Western Ocean. Canada's responsibility for those goods that mean so much to the British Isles does not cease today until the ships have reached their destination. A round-trip voyage for a corvette lasts about a month with little time for leaves ashore between jobs.

At the starting-point on this side of the water, the corvettes that are to form the ocean escort make ready for sea. It is a hectic time. Last-minute repairs are made, fuel tanks are topped off, provisions are brought aboard, armaments and ammunition are checked and double-checked. The crew has returned from its last night's leave ashore. The officers have put away their tiddly uniforms and come forth in old tunics, caps with gold badges that have turned green from salt water, and high sea boots. There is a bustle of activity around the decks. The ship is ready for sea.

"Let go your spring. Let go aft. Let go forward. Slow ahead."

The corvettes move quietly out of the harbor, past the boom and the shore defenses. Then they form up, and in formation they steam into the Atlantic, a signal from the senior ship ordering the course and speed.

The danger zone starts there, outside the harbor. Hitler's wolf packs



are daring, and they roam far in their search for prey. Your corvette is at fighting peak the moment she puts her nose into the sea.

Somewhere ahead is a rendezvous with the convoy.

Many of the captains and navigating officers of corvettes knew what it was like to sail the ocean in the days when running lights burned brightly and a ship had miles of sea in which to play. But most of us first lieutenants and junior officers came into this after the darkness had fallen. We all know that a starboard light is green and a port light is red, but we never see them lit. And we have learned our navigation in close company, for the ocean is a small place when 30 or more merchant ships and their escort are bunched together.

The ship settles into her sea routine. She also settles into a roll that is probably going to last for two weeks, so we might as well make the best of it. Chairs move, dishes move, hammocks move. Not infrequently, stomachs move. The exact motion of a corvette is impossible to describe, for it is a combination of all motions—all in opposition to one another.

I'm thinking of one of our seamen. It was a particularly bad night. In

the mess the hammocks were tossing wildly and crashing into stanchions. Loose gear was sculling around the deck. The ship was pounding, and when she hit it felt as though she had landed on concrete. A fire extinguisher had got loose from a bulkhead and was hissing somewhere in a corner, and in the cupboards cups and plates rattled and crashed. And in the midst of it this seaman suddenly sat up in his pitching hammock.

In an earnest voice he asked: "Will someone mind turning out the light? I can't get to sleep."

WE TAKE OVER the convoy, bulky freighters and tankers, sometimes representing every freedom-loving nation beneath the sun, at a secret rendezvous. They're under Canada's protection now. The broad Atlantic stretches out ahead. No one relaxes until these ships are delivered safely into the hands of the English.

The corvettes have proved their worth in the Battle of the Atlantic. Submarines don't like them—there is a lot of TNT packed in those cylinders the little warships strew around the ocean.

To all of us, at some time or other, comes the moment of attack. It may

come after breakfast, when you have turned in for a couple of hours' sleep in the off-watch. You are fully clothed except for your sea boots, and your lifebelt is strapped around your waist.

You are probably sleeping when the alarm comes, but this is one bell you don't curse, and then roll over for an extra five minutes.

This bell goes through every nerve in your body.

You land out of your bunk in one leap, and in another you are into your sea boots, starting for the deck. Probably you reach it before the bell has stopped ringing.

Your eyes tell the story. If you see heavy smoke, or fire, or a ship listing, you know that the convoy has been attacked. If there is no evidence of attack it means that your own ship has probably picked up a submarine under the surface.

Each man of the ship is at action stations. The captain has taken over the bridge, the navigator is at his chart table, the anti-submarine and gunnery officers at their controls. The rush to quarters over, there is a sudden electric tension in the air. Voices are quiet, faces are grim and cool. You are the hunter. Somewhere below in the green water is your quarry, and now there is silence as you go about the job of finding him. The crew stands ready at its stations,

watching the surface of the water with keen eyes.

Contact!

The ship gathers speed. Below decks the big pistons move faster. Along the hull the water slips past, whipped into white streaks by the sudden speed.

And then it comes, jarring the whole ship, like a volcano erupting under you—the first salvo of depth charges. There is muffled thunder in the air, water shoots skyward. One, two, three—as the officer calls them from the bridge—those cans of TNT burst in the ocean depths. The explo-

sions rock the surface of the water. All hell has broken loose below.

The ship turns and comes back along the track. Now the other escorts are joining in the hunt, sweeping rapidly out from the area of attack. Stolidly, without faltering a degree, the convoy continues on its course. Once again the depth charges thunder, once more the sea is churned with explosions. This keeps up, perhaps for hours, until the contact is lost, or—and many corvettes have seen it—a patch of the sea changes color, oil is observed on the surface, a piece of wreckage bobs into view. Or suddenly the waters part and a conning tower emerges. And he's done for.

Or perhaps it comes at night. It is less pleasant at night. You hit the

Coming Soon . . .

How Good a Propagandist Are You?

Test Yourself in Coronet

deck in blinding darkness, you stumble to your action station, cracking your shins against rails and cutting yourself on wires. If the convoy has been attacked there is light, for the sky is a-gleam with flares from the merchant ships and star shells are screaming heavenwards from the guns of the escort vessels.

ATTACK, one way or the other, may come at any time, or not at all. In the interim are long days and longer nights during which the corvettes carry out constant screening of the convoy, and on black nights that can be a nerve-straining business. Ships often fall out of line, and a corvette, zig-zagging at considerable speed, has to keep a sharp look-out for these stragglers, or collision may be the result. It is amazing, though, how well the convoy ships keep together, in fair weather or foul. They may wander a bit, but it takes a storm or thick fog to scatter them.

Men join the fighting forces of a

country for a number of reasons in addition to the cardinal one, which in this war is to fight for a way of life. I could walk through the ship now and get a dozen of those reasons. Mine were obvious. I went over to London in September, 1940 (ironically, I represented the most isolationist of all U. S. newspapers). I was in the worst of the blitz, and then I came back. I came back in a sloop of the Royal Navy. She escorted a convoy of 30 ships—alone.

So later they put me in a uniform, and sent me to a training school. After three months, they gave me a little chit and sent me to join a ship.

And now a new kind of life has opened. A ship is my home now, and the sea my world. It's only a temporary world for most of us. When the war is finished we'll go back to our homes, to our wives, to the things we know.

I think that those are the real reasons for our being here.

Sesame to Success

"WHEN I ENTERED your auditorium this morning," declaimed a high-school lecturer, "I saw above the doorknob of each door a little bronze plaque bearing a single word—a four-letter word which may well be the most important word in the English language. You'll find that word emblazoned on every door to opportunity and success in the land. That word represents the *one* thing you *must* possess to get anywhere."

The students craned their necks, and read on every door: "FULL."

—WELDON MELICK

Ours is the great age of speed, we say, meaning that we think we're pretty good. The truth is, however, Nature still holds most of the records



Nature's Unbeaten Speed Records

by FRANK W. LANE

IT'S NOT LIKELY that fish will win the war.

But if our engineers could turn out ships as speedy as some racing fish, the Nazi submarines would be driven from the sea. Our convoys would dash across the Atlantic in three or four days. The shipping time to Australia and the middle east would be halved.

But boats aren't fish. And fish aren't warlike. They're just fast.

We call destroyers the greyhounds of the sea. Destroyers churn through the water at speeds of 35 to 45 miles an hour, whipping the ocean to a boil. They are the fastest warships afloat, except for torpedo boats.

But destroyers are slowpokes compared with fish. A destroyer was knifing forward at 32 knots—close to top speed—on a smooth Atlantic sea when the crew was startled to see white water break ahead of the ship. Half a dozen dolphins were disport-

ing themselves and for 15 minutes they splashed back and forth, zig-zagging ahead of the destroyer and easily outpacing the groaning ship. Airplane observers claim to have timed dolphins at roughly 70 miles an hour—nearly twice as fast as our fastest destroyer and six times faster than a plodding convoy freighter.

As a matter of fact, almost any good sized fish will beat an ordinary ship. And the submarine, laboring underwater at top speed of 14 to 16 knots, tags far behind its funny neighbors. The reason for our slowness on and under the water is clear enough. We have not matched the streamlined perfection of the denizens of the deep. Nor have we matched them in economical application of power to under-water propulsion.

But it's doubtful that even the best streamlining could match the smooth, flowing curves which allow the fish

to slip forward with minimum displacement of water. You can get some idea of the importance of streamlining in water if you realize that the resistance of water is 700 times air's.

Several years ago an American inventor devised what he called an "induced streamline system" which, it was claimed, would greatly increase the speed of a ship. Nozzles were fitted on a boat in such a way that streams of water ejected through them would overcome resistance to the sea. In addition, by acting on the rocket principle, the jets of water helped move the boat along.

But fish had an "induced streamline system" long before man built his first boat. By forcing water through their gills, many kinds of high-speed fish add to the ease and swiftness of their motion. Some fish can swim almost as fast with their gills as they can by swishing their bodies.

FRENCH experts have set up closed speedways in which they have timed salmon at 18 miles an hour, trout at 10 and small fish at six and eight. In the United States these speeds have been clocked: pike, 13 miles an hour; rainbow trout, 12; perch, 10; black bass, eight. But these are not the maximums, particularly for short bursts. Trout have been taken out of line at a rate of 23 miles an hour and pike at 21. Several investigators are convinced both fish can do at least 30.

Sharks, on the other hand, have been timed at 40 to 50 miles an hour. Zane Grey once ran out a line on a bone fish at 40, and small tuna fre-

quently take line at that speed. Large tuna are believed to be capable of much greater speed.

The dolphin and porpoise have been timed at 60 to 70 miles an hour. The sailfish—a kind of swordfish—travels fastest of all, perhaps close to 80 miles an hour for short distances though his accepted maximum is 68.

Small wonder that the swordfish has been known to drive its sword through 20 inches of ship's hard wood, sheathed with copper! Engineers say this blow requires an energy of not less than 200 horsepower.

In the sky, while man has wrested the speed honors from nature, the margin is not so great as you might imagine. The fastest living creature is the frigate bird which has been timed at 240 miles an hour—still a respectable speed for aircraft. Incidentally that makes the frigate bird just about twice as fast as a hurricane, which checks in at about 125 miles an hour. However, a typhoon which whips up winds of 350 m.p.h. makes a hurricane look like a baby's breath.

The famous peregrine falcon makes a power dive of about 200 miles an hour—so fast, the bird shutters its eyes against the airstream by closing transparent eyelids. A Nazi Stuka doesn't dive much faster than that.

With all this tremendous speed, though, birds are still capable of maneuverability far beyond the ability of our best planes. A correspondent once watched a sparrow-hawk dive on a finch which scuttled to refuge under a mass of telegraph wires. The hawk, plummeting at dive bomber speed,

was almost into the wire before it saw the danger. Though diving at a rate of possibly 190 miles an hour, it broke wing a few feet above the wire and popped straight up like a rocket, turning in a half loop and rolling over at the peak of the loop to fly back into the sky. An attempt at a similar maneuver by a plane would tear the wings off the machine.

An American peregrine was once seen to rise 500 to 600 feet in the air above a mountain cliff. As the observer watched, the hawk flicked its wings 15 or 20 times and dived like a thunderbolt. Wings half closed in streamline position, the bird shot down past the cliff, flipped over in three vertical loop-the-loops across the face of the mountain wall and roared out over the head of the observer so close that the wind could be heard rushing through its wings like ripping canvas.

BUT FOR maneuverability, insects are easily the champions.

And of all insects, the dragonfly is probably the fastest and most deft. Many entomologists believe this creature has achieved the ultimate in flight—the ability to halt dead in a fixed spot in the air and then dart at full speed backwards or sideways with no change in position. Some critics suspect there may be minute changes in position by the dragonfly which are not visible to the naked eye. But there is no controversy as to the results of the dragonfly's maneuvers.

Anthony Van Leeuwenhoek once saw a duel between a dragonfly and a swallow. The swallow is a speedster of

the 100 mile an hour class; the dragonfly rates at 55 m.p.h. The duel occurred in a pavilion only 100 feet long, but despite the speed of the bird, the insect was so quick at changing course and reversing its field that the swallow was unable to capture it.

Contrary to popular belief, the actual speed of insects is not to be compared to that of birds. Only on a "horsepower" basis, can insects be proven the most efficient flying creatures.

There is much confusion as to the actual speed of insects. People will tell you that wasps can fly 500 miles an hour and a rumor has been circulated that the American bottlefly speeds along at the incredible rate of 800 miles an hour.

Of course, these speeds are fantastic. Insects are so small that they seem to travel much faster than they do. The bottlefly, for instance, actually does well to get up to 25 miles an hour. A housefly has a top of five miles an hour; a bumble bee, 11. The hawk moth is believed to fly at close to 50—a speed confirmed by its ability to

*Frank W. Lane is a quick-witted young man who writes like a streak. Which isn't surprising when you consider that he has studied every aspect of speed. The swiftness of a golf ball's flight, how fast an earthworm crawls, the zip of a swordfish through the water are as fascinating to Lane as honey is to a bee (Speed: 25 mph). He has written many articles on speeds, has been consulted often by sports manufacturers interested in sports speeds, has broadcast on one subject for the British Broadcasting Company and is the author of *Nature Parade*, a book on speed in nature.*

overtake torpedo speedboats in the English Channel.

The speed of other insects has been indicated by various accidents. A kind of beetle in Panama—four inches long and two and a half wide—sometimes cracks into lamp bulbs with such force that the bulb is shattered. And certain South American butterflies can tear their way through butterfly nets by sheer force of speed.

If you are wondering where the mosquito rates, it doesn't stand very high: just a little more than three miles an hour. The hornet does 13 or 14, and the horsefly about 30.

Taking our lessons in maneuverability from the insects, we can also learn plenty about acceleration—from animals.

The two fastest animals in the world are without doubt the Mongolian antelope and the cheetah.

Driving a powerful car, Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History once chased a herd of antelope across the Gobi Desert. Later he reported: "They ran so fast that we could not see their legs any more than you can see the blades of an electric fan. We found they would leg it at 60 m.p.h. for about two miles and then slow down to 40 or 50."

Sixty miles an hour is doubtless the fastest sustained speed in the animal kingdom. But the cheetah can top this for a short distance. The cheetah has been timed at 103 feet per second (70 miles an hour). What's more, the cheetah can put on speed at the rate of 45 m.p.h. in two seconds. No me-

chanical invention of man can even compare with *that* acceleration, save for bullets shot from a gun.

A cheetah can give a black buck (which is capable of 50 m.p.h.) a good sized lead and bring down the buck in a quarter mile run. That indicates that the cheetah is capable of bursts that run close to 80 m.p.h., though this is exceptional. Small wonder that its fur is streamlined—and that it carries a long heavy tail to keep balance in going around corners fast!

But running speed is not the ultimate test in the animal kingdom. Authenticated records show that some animals and birds are capable of lightning muscular reactions far beyond the power of man.

MANLY HARDY, an authority on the otter, once fired at an otter which had stuck its head out of a hole in a frozen lake. The bullet crashed into an ice ledge immediately beyond the hole, clearly having passed through the exact spot where the otter's head had been. But the animal had ducked in the split second between the flame from the rifle barrel and the bullet's impact. Hardy believes seals can do the same thing.

A number of witnesses attest that game birds are even better at this trick. W. L. Dawson reports in his *Birds of California* that he once shot seven times from a concealed position at a loon on the surface of a pond. Each time the bird went below the surface of the water before the Winchester slug reached it.

An English photographer was try-

ing to get a picture of a great crested grebe. He was working from a blind and snapped his shot as the bird rested on the nest. But the developed picture showed only the bird's tail as it disappeared over the side.

Such speeds are too fractional for accurate measurement, and there is always the possibility that the observer may be mistaken as to what he saw. But so many reports have been recorded that there seems to be no doubt that both animals and birds are capable of reactions that exceed any in human power.

Some idea of the speed of all these reactions may be gained from the speed of bullets. The pellet from an air rifle travels about 400 miles an hour. Buckshot from a shotgun leaves the muzzle at 700 m.p.h. The bullet from a big game rifle travels 2,000

m.p.h. That is about twice the velocity of a shell from a battleship's 16-inch battery.

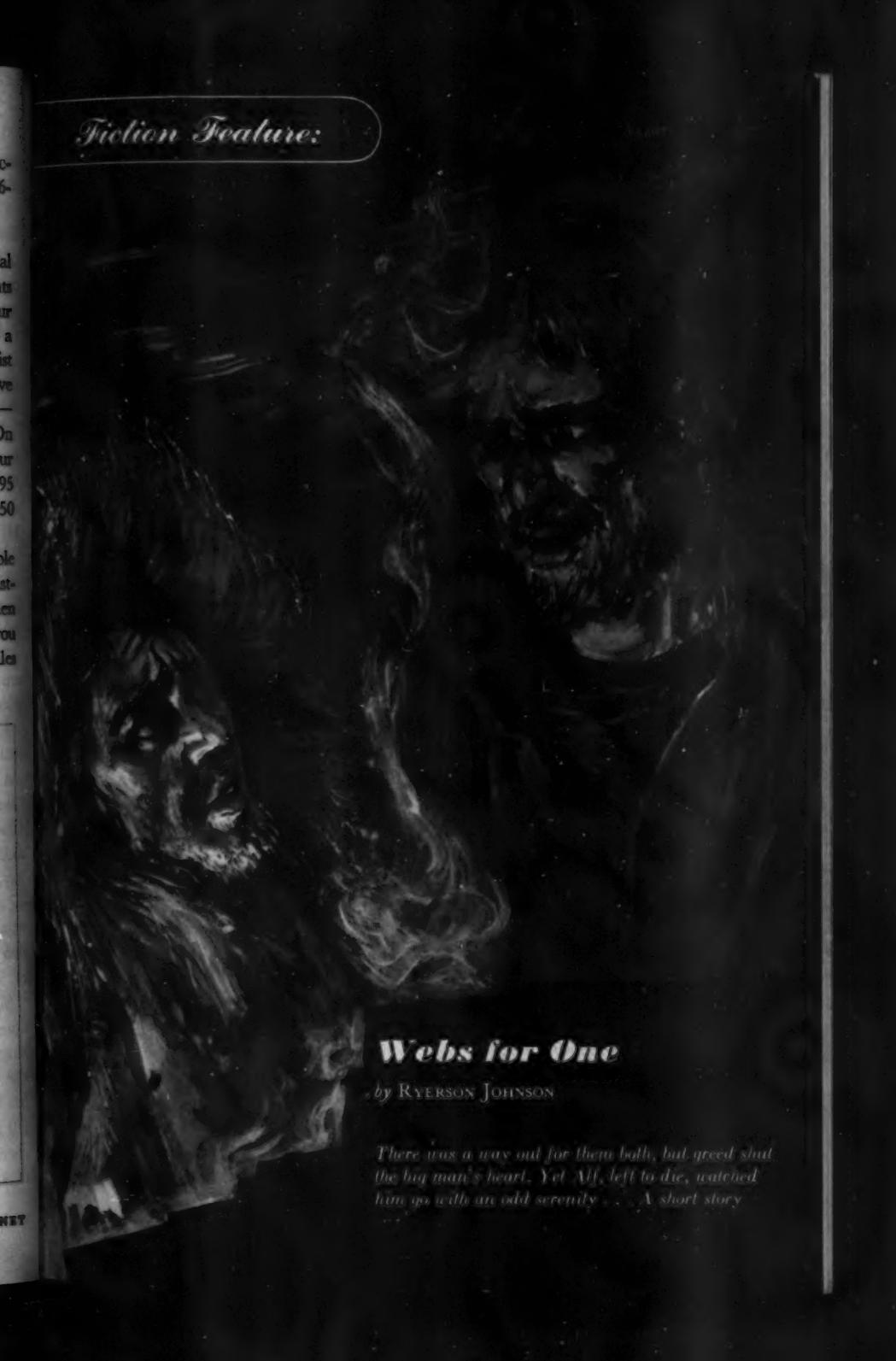
Beside the top speeds of the animal kingdom, man's own achievements look pretty puny. He can swim four miles an hour. He can sprint—for a short distance—at 25. A boxer's fist travels 50 miles an hour. Our nerve impulses race at 70 miles an hour—as does a schoolmaster's switch. On skis we can make 85 m.p.h., and our best pitchers throw a baseball at 95 m.p.h. We can hit a tennis ball at 150 and a golf ball at 190.

But the fastest speed we're capable of ourselves—without outside assistance—is reached in a sneeze. When you let out a good healthy sneeze, you spray droplets at the rate of 120 miles an hour!

How Fast Are They?

	MPH	MPH	
Earthworm.....	.002	Cheetah (fastest mammal).....	70.0
Shrimp.....	.25	Skier (fastest).....	85.0
Mosquito.....	3.1	Ice-hockey puck.....	90.0
Housefly.....	5.0	Droplets in hearty sneeze.....	120.0
Pig.....	11.0	Parachutist (fastest before parachute opens).....	120.0
Parachutist.....	14.0	Hurricane.....	125.0
Large rain drop.....	17.0	Golf ball (fastest).....	190.0
Billiard ball (fastest).....	22.0	Frigate bird (fastest bird).....	240.0
Penguin (swimming).....	22.0	Wind in typhoon.....	350.0
Sparrow.....	35.0	Earth's surface at equator.....	1,040.0
Angler's cast.....	40.0	16-inch shell.....	1,200.00
Heavy sea-wave.....	44.0	Gas particles in bomb explosion.....	2,700.0
Race horse (fastest).....	48.0	Bullet (fastest).....	3,000.0
Dragonfly (fastest insect).....	55.0		
Sailfish (fastest fish).....	68.0		
Nerve impulse.....	70.0		

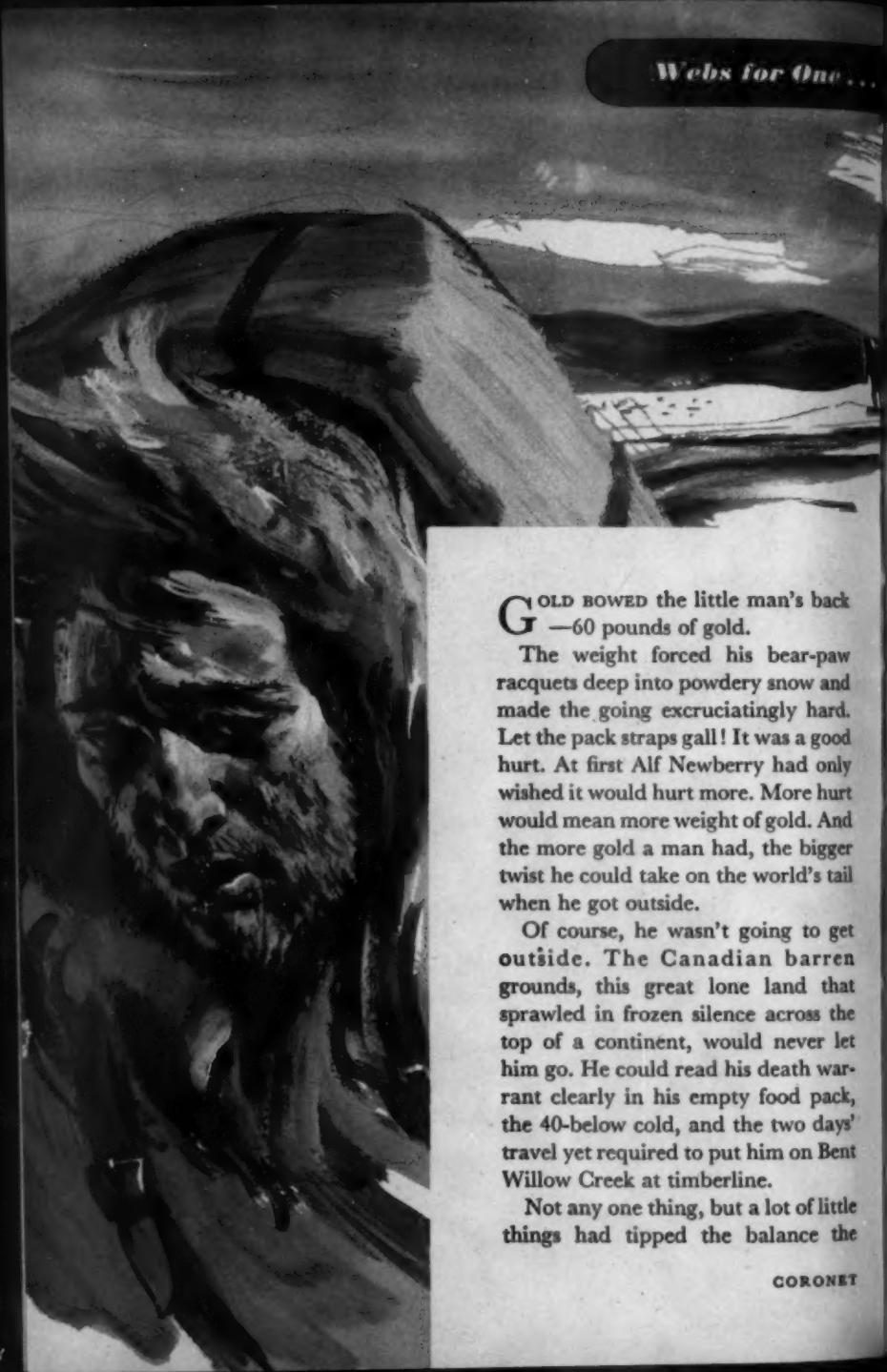
Fiction Feature:



Webs for One

by RYERSON JOHNSON

There was a way out for them both, but greed shut the big man's heart. Yet Alf, left to die, watched him go with an odd serenity . . . A short story



GOLD BOWED the little man's back —60 pounds of gold.

The weight forced his bear-paw racquets deep into powdery snow and made the going excruciatingly hard. Let the pack straps gall! It was a good hurt. At first Alf Newberry had only wished it would hurt more. More hurt would mean more weight of gold. And the more gold a man had, the bigger twist he could take on the world's tail when he got outside.

Of course, he wasn't going to get outside. The Canadian barren grounds, this great lone land that sprawled in frozen silence across the top of a continent, would never let him go. He could read his death warrant clearly in his empty food pack, the 40-below cold, and the two days' travel yet required to put him on Bent Willow Creek at timberline.

Not any one thing, but a lot of little things had tipped the balance the

wrong way. That roving Yellowknife Indian with whom he had shared his scant food supply . . . But what else could a fellow do? The Indian was starving. No way to have predicted he would repay by stealing most of the rifle cartridges.

Right to the end, the little things had kept bunching up to spell northern death. His last bullet, fired at a snowshoe rabbit . . . and that streak of white lightning in the shape of an Arctic fox detaching itself from the snow hummock. The fox had been stalking too. And it was the fox that got the rabbit.

Alf had thrown away the rifle to lighten his load. Now it was time to throw away his gold.

He made the decision calmly, after falling twice within the same five minutes. On this rolling rock-ribbed tundra, every snow-pillowed half acre looked like every other half acre. It had been a six-year job to trace the gold through the cracks and crannies of frost-split granite to its ultimate hiding place.

Six years—and he could lose it all in six minutes! But life alone was the stake now.

After his last fall, he stayed down while he groped stiff-handed in the snow to loosen his pack straps. He didn't make much headway, and a small panic touched him. A man with his strength too far run out could die in the North, anchored to his gold!

But Alf Newberry, being a little

man, had long since learned the rashness of butting into things full tilt, whether it was a bigger man who opposed him, or simply the waiting hostile North. There were things fully as potent as force. There was timing and there was head work. He quit his exhausting struggle with the incubus that rode his back; and he wriggled his wool-gloved hand from its huge covering mitt of moosehide, and from an inner recess of his parka, brought out a pint whiskey bottle. Only about enough whiskey left for one good jolt. But it was north-country liquor, supercharged stuff with an alcoholic content so high that the coldest weather couldn't freeze it.

Alf knew how to take it. In nips. That way it would feed through his jaded body with a reviving fire. He'd get out from under this gold all right, and he'd go a long way yet on his feet. When he flopped on his face for the last time—well, that would be something else again. He'd save the last swallow for then. Cold, whiskey, and fatigue would anesthetize him. He'd die just like going to sleep.

Not that that made it easier to get used to the idea. Why, he'd hardly begun to live! Tramping the world's shrinking gold frontiers ever since he'd been old enough to carry a pack and an ore hammer, he'd been lonely, with the good things always beckoning from over the hump of the next hill. So lonely that sometimes over his fire, in the drag of the night wind,

he'd hear laughter. Soft laughter from the woman never loved because never known; shrill gay laughter from children, shadow-born; gusty laughter from mellowed friends that in his will-o'-the-wisp wandering over the back trails he'd never stopped long enough to meet.

And now, just when it had given golden promise of arriving somewhere, his trail had run out—

Or had it?

His eyes, gray-dull and expressionless, took quick fire. His head on its scrawny neck poked ludicrously from his parka hood, and his nostrils flared. Thin and acrid in the cold air, a trace of coal smoke had wafted to him. Coal smoke? Why not! There was coal in this country as well as gold. The trick was to find it . . .

The low shale cliff was plastered 10 feet deep with snow. But Alf Newberry found it. Trembling in near exhaustion, he had only to push aside the wolfhide coverings in order to enter the cave and embrace life instead of death. But he held back. The assurance of life had made the gold of prime importance again. A little man, Alf Newberry had early bought into a game where bone and muscle held blue chip values. The pushing around he'd had to take from bigger men had made him wary. Six years scrounging the top bleak quarter of the globe for gold . . . He didn't propose to lose it now in a single unguarded moment.

With concentrated effort, he wrung his shoulders free from the rucksack loops, let the burden of gold plump deep in a drift. Only then did he move

to poke his head beyond those wolf-hide coverings.

He stood silently at first, peering inside the cave. Rime was white and heavy on his parka hood where it fringed his gnome-like face. He appeared, perhaps, not quite real.

At least the man who sat on the shale ledge, staring back at him through the haze of coal smoke, seemed to have doubts. The man was a giant. Compared to Alf he was. His pale eyes stared with a curious burning from under a tangle of bushy brows, shaggy hair. A six-months' beard inundated the rest of his face. Alf surmised that under its dirt and soot the shrubbery might be blond.

The giant stirred.

"Where the hell'd you come from?"

His voice from the back of the cave was a hollow booming. It sounded as though he were trying hard to believe what he saw.

Alf lifted his hand in a weak sweep



toward the North. Words pushed through his frost-scabbed lips: "Headin' for timberline. Got a grub cache on Bent Willow Creek." He shook his head. "I'd never made it. Don't mind tellin' you, brother—runnin' onto you has saved my life."

The big man kept staring while Alf moved deeper inside the cave, shaking off his mitts, and blinking his eyes to accustom himself to the smoky gloom. A tiny coal fire flickered on the floor. He hunkered close to it.

"Make yourself at home," the brooding giant said, and laughed. It wasn't an insane laugh. But there was a flat mirthlessness about it that put Alf on his guard.

"What are you, man or boy?" the big one spoke again. "Pound for pound, inch for inch, I'd make two of you."

"You wouldn't miss it much," Alf conceded.

"You're all beat in, ain't you?"

"It's been tough goin'," Alf further conceded.

"Ain't you got a gun?"

"Threw it away to lighten my pack."

"What pack?"

"Unloaded that too."

There was a taut eagerness in the big fellow's voice when he put the next question.

"Snowshoes?"

"I kicked the webs off outside here."

Something like a satisfied animal grunt sounded faintly from the big man's throat.

Alf said wearily, "Let me ask you

one, brother. How long's it till dinner time?"

"Hungry?"

"Starved."

"Makes it tough," the big man said. "I only got enough for myself."

He hadn't changed his tone. But the words were as damning to Alf Newberry's hopes of living as though a black-garbed judge had resounded sentence: ". . . hanged by the neck until dead."

Alf blew on his fingers. "Like that, huh?"

"Like that," the big man said. Surprisingly, then, he made a wheedling attempt at self justification. "I been sittin' here myself waitin' to die. Run across this coal ledge last summer, so I based out of here. When the snow clamped down, I holed in. Coal outcrops right in my parlor, like you can see. Lucky thing for me. I lost my gun and my snowshoes right after freeze-up when I went through the ice."

ALF COULD understand the other's special interest now in the matter of snowshoes. And the laugh—sardonic, as well it might be, because in both their cases the North had rendered its judgment, and it was the same judgment: Death for Alf Newberry because he had no food. Death for the big fellow here because he had no snowshoes.

There was, of course, a corollary to that. Each man was only half a man; together they were whole.

The big man heaved to his feet. Even with his shoulders humped, his bushy head scraped the roof. "Think

I'll have a look at them snowshoes of yours," he said.

"Wait a minute," Alf jerked. All his life pushed around by bigger men—but one certain result of it had been to sharpen his wits. He made a stab at breaking up decision before it might crystallize. He said earnestly, "You're not seein' it all the way through, brother. We can both live."

"Yeah?"

"Easy," Alf pressed. "Divvy a little of your grub with me, just enough for a two-day trip to the creek where my food cache is. I'll lug enough stuff back for you to last out the winter here if you want."

"Yeah?" The dangling arms swung slowly. "How do I know you'd come back?"

"You'd have to take my word for it, brother."

"I don't take nobody's word for nothin'."

It had been a pass at something; that was all. The big grizzly, the way Alf sized him up, ran his life by hard and fast rules, with greed—and consequently suspicion—high among the motive powers. Solid beef had always been enough to get him by, so he'd

never felt prodded to develop much imagination. Hard to reach a man like that.

"We'll gamble," Alf said desperately. "How about it? Your grub sack against my snowshoes."

Agreement came readily. Too readily, was Alf's uneasy thought. It was as though the big man knew he had nothing to lose.

"We can toss a coin," the big man said. "I got one. United States dollar I always kept for luck."

He went ahead and made the toss, caught the twirling dollar in the chunky palm of one hand, and spanked his other hand down flat across it.

"Call it."

"Heads."

The big man opened his dirt-slick hands. The dollar was showing heads all right.

"I win," Alf said, but without elation. That was because he was more than half primed for what happened next.

The big man pulled a long skinning knife from his belt. The firelight glinted on the blade in the same dim way it had on the dollar. Cold deci-



sion flared in the pale eyes, and the big man moved in on Alf.

Alf fumbled his own knife out and brandished it. But he was backing away. What else could he do? His nerves screamed the question. Weak as a rabbit, and showing only half the other's size—

The big man kept moving in, crouched low, stumping his feet down wide apart for balance, his tree trunk body weaving as he took his inches-short steps. The knife in his blocky fist kept fanning slowly in front of him as he came. Alf, feinting desperately, gave ground as he had to. When he felt his shoulder brushing the wolfhide flaps at the cave opening, he went all-out on another gamble.

This big grizzly, he reasoned, wasn't a natural killer. He would kill now, but only because of his stubborn belief that his life depended on it. That was why, undoubtedly, he had agreed to gamble in the first place. A win would have quieted his conscience, settled everything for him without the need for violence.

Alf reached back through the door flaps and threw his knife as far as he could into the snow. He showed his hands, flat out, and empty.

"I quit!" he shouted.

The big man quit too. He straightened up. He seemed vaguely pleased. "Glad you got some sense," he scolded. "I didn't want to kill you."

"What do you think you're doin' by leavin' me here to starve?"

"That's only your hard luck."

Alf stared bitterly. "The twists a man can put on his reasonin'!"

The big man clumped about, pulled a small canvas bag from a wall cranny, and sat down with it on the ledge. He untied the knot at the loose end of the bag and took out a piece of caribou jerk. With his knife he hacked off a little of the hard dry meat. He crammed it in his mouth and chewed with relish.

Alf's own gnawing hunger put a weakening tremor over him, and he could feel the saliva jet from under his tongue.

"Never like to start a long trip on an empty stomach," the big man offered, talking thickly through the raw meat that swelled, with mastication, to fill his mouth. "Figure I got a week's hard trek to the closest caribou hunters' camp below timberline."

When he finished, he put the remainder of the jerk away and retied the knot in the bag's loose end.

"Better tie it tighter," Alf told him. "I might make a grab and open it."

The big man didn't read any sarcasm in Alf's scraping voice. He reacted literally; gave the knot another yank. Then he put the food bag down beside his gold pan that was full of melted snow water, and keeping one eye on Alf, he lowered his face to drink. After that he stood up, carefully wiped off his beard, moved about and pulled on a mackinaw, and over that a fur parka.

Alf rummaged inside his own parka and brought out his bottle. He held it out.

"What's that?"

"Whiskey."

"What you handin' it to me for?"

"You're the one who's got some-
thin' to celebrate."

The big man came over and took the bottle. He shook it skeptically, held it to the light and watched the bubbles chase to the top and disappear. He opened the bottle, smelled it, tilted it cautiously to his lips.

He whipped it down. "It's got the old sting," he said. "It's whiskey, all right." Then his voice turned whiney-mean with suspicion. "I get it—you think you're goin' to soften me up. Makin' me presents. Yeah. Well, that's out, see? I'm strong, and not only in my muscles. My will power. If I have to let somebody die to save my own life—well, that's how it is, see?"

He lifted the bottle, disposed of half the liquor with one big noisy swallow.

Alf said doubtfully, "You think you ought to drink the rest? You're goin' out in the cold, and you know what

Itching fingers (for a typewriter) and itching feet (for the open road) took Ryerson Johnson a long way from home—the Illinois coal and corn country. Because he wanted to travel, he covered more than 20,000 miles of North America atop freight and passenger trains. "I had the usual unassorted batch of jobs a writer is supposed to have—coal mines, wheat fields, seafaring." After working hard and well for a plaster concern, he decided that a lifetime of plaster would be deadly, so he went to Europe where he sawed his way through the Balkans—with a musical saw. Then he sold a story and "hasn't been good for anything but writing ever since."



that can do to a drunk man."

"To a runt like you maybe," the big man said. "Not to me. When that much whiskey makes me drunk, I'll sign the pledge." He drained the rest of the whiskey and let his breath out in a noisy *wo-oo-oo-sh.*

Alf sighed, and went over and dropped down on the ledge on the side of the water pan that was away from the food bag. He lowered his face and drank deliberately, tipping the shallow pan a little, the better to get at the water.

"Sure," the big man said, "I'll drink the whiskey; you take the chaser. Just don't get inside of monkey range with my food bag, that's all." He laughed in that flat short way. "Them scrawny fingers of yours. They couldn't untie the bag anyhow. When I tie somethin', it stays tied."

He made a roll of his eiderdown sleeping bag, then picked up a small rucksack from the corner. He hefted it as though he liked to feel its solid weight, and the greed was naked in his pale eyes. "I got 30 pounds here. Figures around 16 thousand. I did all right, huh?"

Alf lifted his mouth from the pan. Water dripped from the point of his thin nose and from his lightly stubbled chin. "Fair," he said. "But I beat the North for twice that much."

"Yeah—to hear you tell it."

"I'll show you."

Alf got up and ducked outside. The big man came and watched narrowly from the cave opening. Alf dug his rucksack from the drift and dragged it back through the snow to the cave.

He opened it up on the floor, revealing the tightly packed skin pokes. He loosened the *babiche* strings on one of them. Raw, new gold in dust and nuggets of cornmeal yellow glowed softly in the firelight.

"Thirty thousand, easy," Alf said.

The big man was breathing hard, his pale eyes squeezed half shut and staring. Alf dipped up a handful of the gold, let it stream back through his fingers. Six years to accumulate it, grain by grain, speck by speck. Now he dusted his hands prodigally against his sides.

"Don't do that!" the big man jabbed.

"Why not? Mine, ain't it, to waste if I want?" Alf looked up with sly malice. "You know what I got a notion to do? Take this whole 60 pounds of gold and scatter it on the snow. I'd have me one high minute that way."

The big man pushed threateningly close, and Alf stood up and moved back. His frost-cracked lips were bent in a crooked grin, and a slow fire pierced the dull gray of his eyes. "Don't worry," he said. "I give you the gold. I give it to you before you have to bash my skull in and take it away from me. I'll make it easy for your conscience, brother."

The big man looked relieved in about the same degree as when Alf had thrown away the knife. "Go bring those snowshoes in," he ordered.

Alf brought them in and the big man tried them on in the middle of the floor. Right after that he set about loading the gold on his back. The



straps on Alf's pack were too tight. They bunched the parka fur at the neck, bound the shoulders.

"Here, I'll fix it for you," Alf said.

Like a mule being diamond hitched to a pack load, the big man stood, bowed over patiently, while Alf worked to center the load and adjust the straps. But as a precaution the big man had sheathed his knife on the outside of his parka, and as a further precaution he kept the knife in his hand while Alf worked over him.

His voice carried that self-justifying whine again when he said, "You're still figurin' you can get around me. But I told you when you gave me the whiskey, and I'm tellin' you now: I'm strong, see? Sixty pounds of gold, and it ain't buyin' you one mouthful to eat."

Alf stood back, said reflectively, "I donno; you think you ought to carry both these gold packs? You think you're strong enough? They'll add up 90 pounds. You're too heavy for these webs of mine anyhow, and the weight of the gold will push 'em even deeper

in the snow. Liftin' 'em up and sockin' 'em down—they'll feel like boulders tied to your feet—"

"What the hell are you, my mother?" the big man flared. "I'm the one that's goin' to leave here and live. You're goin' to stay and die. Ain't that enough for you to worry about?"

"I died out there on the trail," Alf said. His voice was worn, his pinched face expressionless.

"Huh? You nuts or what?"

"I mean I had my mind all set for it. The worst was then. This is only a kind of tailin' off. I don't feel much now."

The big man said, "Huh!" and moved across the cave to the ledge where his food bag lay. The fire had gone down. In the smoky gloom he didn't see the puddle of water on the ledge until he put his hand in it. Then he swore.

"You splashed water all over the ledge," he said, accusingly.

"It was kind of dark," Alf said. "I couldn't see good. Must of tilted the pan too far when I was drinkin'."

The big man sheathed his knife and held the food bag away from him and wrung a drop or two of water from it.

Alf moved closer, peering, "It ain't wet but only on the loose end is it? Water won't hurt the jerky none."

It was outside in the snow, with the big man loaded and standing on Alf's snowshoes and ready to go, that Alf resorted to downright appeal. His thin face puckered suddenly, and his words poured out in bursts:

"Before it's too late, think what you're doin', man! It doesn't have to

be this way. Nobody has to die. We can both live. Just let me take the webs, like I said before, and enough grub to get me to my cache. I'll come back to you. We can both live—"

The big man broke savagely into his pleading. "I thought that iron nerve of yours was too good to last. Couldn't take it, huh? You had to get down and beg!"

Inside the parka Alf's thin shoulders were hunched against the gray cold. "Believe me," he chattered, "if I'm beggin', it's for you."

The big man snorted in derision. "You don't scare worth a damn, runt." But then he hedged the bet enough to ask sharply, "What you talkin' at anyhow?"

Alf's arms were swinging wide in an Eskimo slap against his sides. It was a good way to keep the circulation up. "Not any one thing," he said gently. "It's hardly ever any one thing, is it? Just a lot of little things workin' together."

"You're goin' nuts," the big man growled. "So long—and thanks for the gold." He lifted a snowshoe and leaned into the step.

That was when Alf made his play. "Just remember I gave you your chance." He mouthed the words as he lurched forward, with one of his swinging hands raking across the fur of the big man's parka to the place where his knife was sheathed.

Alf got the knife. The trouble was, he couldn't stay on his feet. The big man's elbow swerved around, striking and knocking him down. He kept himself tumbling and rolling through



the snow until he was momentarily out of the other's reach. And he held on to the knife.

The big man waddled around on the webs and stood there, humped under the gold, watching warily while Alf floundered upright in the snow. Buried in whiskered stubble, the big man's lips pushed out words:

"Not any one thing, but a lot of little ones, huh? I'm gettin' it now. You gave me your whiskey. Yeah. And loaded me down with your gold and put me on your runt webs. Yeah. Then you stand there beggin', and with your teeth chatterin', and lookin' helpless, and throw me off my guard. Then you take my knife. . . . All right, you got my knife. Let's see you try to kill me with it."

He stood waiting on his tree-stump legs, his long arms dangling in their bulk of fur. His breath in the 40-below cold dropped past his knees in steamy feathers.

"Come on," he urged again. "You're goin' to find out I'm not drunk, and that I got what it takes to move around under 90 pounds of gold. It ain't goin' to anchor me down, like you thought. It'll only be like some armor

plate instead. It'll help me. These runt webs of yours are sinkin' some under me, yeah, but not as far as them pipe-stem legs of yours are bogged down. Wallowin' in the snow, you'll never get that knife in me through all the clothes I got on, before I can knock it out of your hands and break your neck. But if you want to try it, come on."

Alf stood crouched in snow halfway to his hips, and as the heartbreak truth of what the big man said got through to him, his hand which held the knife began to sag.

The big man saw, and snapped his clincher. "Drop the knife, or I'll move in on you. You won't get far without snowshoes. I'll kill you with my two hands."

A moment more Alf hesitated, his face in a tortured knot. Then his arm swung back and he threw the knife as far away as he could. It drove into a drift and disappeared.

"Go dive in that drift and bring me back my knife," said the big man.

"I'm through fetchin' for you, brother," Alf told him bleakly. "If you want that knife you can unload the gold and dive for it yourself. If

you want to kill me, that's all right too; one way or another, I won't be any longer dead."

The big man glowered, and seemed to be debating. At the last he said, "All right, have it your own way for once. Leave the knife stay. Only thing I'd need it for's to kill you with—and you ain't worth killin'. Like I always said, a good big man's better'n a good little man every time; and you ain't even a good little man. You got brains for plannin', but no nerve for pushin' things through to the finish. So long, runt. I'll be thinkin' about you when I spend your gold."

Alf watched the big man move away into the gray vastness of snow and sky. Oddly, there was no despair in his eyes as he watched; only serenity now. He turned aside and crab-clambered through the drifted snow to the place where he had thrown the knife. He fished around until he recovered it.

INSIDE the cave again he built up the fire, warmed himself and rested. Then by the light of the smoky flames he poked around, exploring. He found two old discarded marrow bones, and a few leaves of tea which he picked up from the floor a leaf at a time. He cracked the bones, put them to boil with the tea in the shallow gold pan.

Then he went to work with the knife, taking one of the wolfhide coverings from the door and cutting it into thin strips. He unearthed a fox skin which he had spotted the first time he had entered the cave. It was drying on a makeshift stretching

board, a crude contraption of bent willow withes. He took the willow withes, along with a few more which had been laced into the wolfhides to hold the door coverings in place, and sat down with them near the fire.

He worked purposefully, but without haste, first steaming both the willow sticks and the stiff wolfhide to make them more pliable, then painstakingly using them in fashioning something which would pass for a little man's snowshoes. At intervals while he worked, he drank of the bone and tea broth. Before he left the cave on his patchwork snowshoes—with the knife ready at hand—he fortified himself against the outside cold by sucking out what remained of the marrow in the bones; and he ate the soaked tea leaves. Such scant nourishment, he knew, wouldn't get him much farther than the make-shift snowshoes would. But he nursed a hunch that that would be far enough.

He didn't miss it. The tracks he followed through the still sub-Arctic twilight played out at last, as he had been so confident they would, and he came upon the big man's stiff and frozen body. It was half buried in snow, the bearded face gray with hoar frost. Alf sank down, dog weary, to rest on the big one's body.

No elation showed on Alf's hunger-pinched face, deep in the parka hood. Elation would come later—down in the warm country where there was enough of everything to eat for everybody, where men and women laughed, touching each other trustingly with their eyes, their words, their hands...

The gold? He'd carry the small pack only, come back next summer and look for the other. Maybe he'd find it; there'd be a skeleton to mark the place. Right now it didn't matter.

Only the snowshoes were important. And food. He shucked his wool-gloved right hand from his mitt and took a firm grip on the handle of the long skinning knife.

For a last grim second, before using the knife, he contemplated the frozen hulk beneath him. Not any one thing, but a lot of little things all working together had brought the big one down. The whiskey which had exhilarated him enough so that for a while he hadn't felt the drain on his strength. It hadn't made him drunk. But it had made him much too scornful of the snow that clogged the deep-sinking webs, and the weight that rode his back as he drove for his goal: life—and a place to spend 90 pounds of gold.

And when the stimulant had worn off and fatigue had knifed in, as had been clearly evidenced by the shortening and wobbling of his tracks in the snow, his own great greed had prodded him further to extend himself. He didn't want to abandon the gold on the snow, because he could never be sure of coming back and finding it again.

Finally he had sunk down here and tried to unharness himself from the packs. There was nothing about the lashings that a man under ordinary conditions couldn't

have mastered. But maybe he had recalled that Alf had helped to secure the straps. He might have remembered, too, Alf's last words, "I gave you your chance. . . ." Fatigued and panicky, the big man had fought the pack, as was shown clearly by the snow.

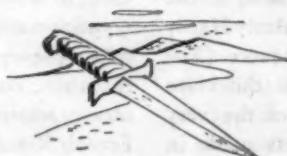
Finally he had thought of his knife. He could cut the straps! But the knife, of course, wasn't there. Quite possibly then he had quieted down, determining to rest and eat, then with renewed strength make short work of unloading the gold. He had reached for his food bag. And then he must have gone stark raving wild.

His bare hands showed it—bare hands in the 40-below cold! He had jerked his hands free from moosehide and wool to claw with his nails at the tough canvas of the food bag. And there was blood crusted around his mouth to show how, futilely, he had torn at the bag with his teeth.

And all the time the cold needling in, petrifying his hands, and soon thereafter his whole great body.

Alf shifted his mordant glance to the unopened food bag still clutched in the dead hands. The bag was a formidable looking object all right, the opening guarded by a knot twice pulled by the big fellow and afterwards wet with water by Alf himself.

The water had frozen, of course, glazing the knot with ice. Alf couldn't have untied it in a month of Sundays. But, of course, he didn't need to untie it. That was what he had the knife for.



It all began back in 1937, when your favorite movie producer picked up your favorite magazine and got a brilliant idea



Nostradamus up to Date

by SIDNEY CARROLL

EDITORS' NOTE: *The article that follows is strictly an "inside job," starting in Coronet's editorial offices five years ago. It was only logical, therefore, that an "insider" get the assignment. We think Sidney Carroll, conductor of Carroll's Corner (see page 82) made an interesting job of it.*

THIS MIRACLE story starts in a mysterious way.

It starts in 1937 when a man named Carey Wilson stepped up to a newsstand and bought a copy of the December issue of Coronet magazine. Not that there is anything mysterious about that; more people are doing it every day.

However, Carey Wilson happens to be a motion picture producer. Millions of fans know him, first, as the executive producer of the Andy Hardy series, and secondly by his voice. (The voice of Carey Wilson is the voice that accompanies some of the very best short feature subjects made in

Hollywood.) And part of a producer's job is to keep one eye ever on the lookout for likely looking motion picture material.

So Mr. Wilson bought the December, 1937, Coronet, and read an article which was called *The Prophetic Centuries*.

He read of a man named Michel de Nostradamus, a medieval physician, who was gifted like the prophets of the Holy Book.

This man, Nostradamus, could foretell the future. Yet he was a man among men; he lived a good, long life and died without any claims to holy powers.

Thus Wilson learned of a man who died in 1566, leaving thousands of cryptic verses, *Prophetic Centuries*, which told of events to come. Some, for instance, contained very detailed observations on the then unborn French Revolution:

Afairs will go too well, the King too yielding,
He changes his mind constantly, too negligent, then sudden.
He will follow the whims of his light but loyal wife
And his very benevolence will cause his death.

This might be a thumbnail sketch, the Coronet article explained, of Louis XVI. France was peaceful and prosperous during the 1780's, true—but Louis allowed himself to be bound by Marie Antoinette's escapades, and because he was so easy-going in affairs of state, helped to precipitate the revolution. Nostradamus prophesied further:

In the night there will come into the forest . . .

Two fugitives . . .

The black monk in gray in Varennes, And the consequences are tempests, fire, blood, and the cutting-off [of the royal line.]

This, too, is history written in a cryptogram, for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, on June 20, 1789, dressed themselves as monks and fled Paris. They were captured in the forest of Varennes, brought back to Paris, and sent to the guillotine.

The *Centuries* spoke also about Napoleon, who married an Austrian and had Polish and Egyptian mistresses:

*No French king ever had his name;
Never was a lightning so much feared.
Italy, Spain, and the English shall tremble;*

He will be attracted to foreign women.
One prophecy even has a date:

In the year one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine

From the sky will come a terrible king.

This king, coming from Asia, will descend on Paris and destroy it—or so the explanation goes.

ALL THIS was something calculated to set the movie producer's corpuscles boiling. Seeing a possibility for a short subject, Carey Wilson put the research department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to work to establish beyond doubt the authenticity of the Nostradamus story.

It wasn't hard to do, for Nostradamus, strangely enough, is one of the most completely documented characters in medieval history. He lived in a time when only kings and queens and a few smart rogues had birth certificates and biographers, but there is—after you've collected it—an almost complete dossier on the life of Nostradamus, miraculously preserved in a hundred widely scattered files.

So Mr. Wilson and M-G-M went ahead and made their short subject—one that pleased them no end. But there are angles to this business that must always be kept in mind. As Wilson put it to Jack Chertok, then head of the shorts department:

"We have here the most puzzling short feature ever made. We're satisfied it's a true story of an actual man. But we don't know how the public will react to this sort of thing. If the preview audience thinks we're pulling a fast one, we'll lock the picture up and call it quits."

They sneaked the picture in a Los Angeles theater and asked that

first audience to write its reactions on the spot. There was not a dissenting vote in the crowd. There was not one hint of *doubt*. The picture was released.

That first Nostradamus short made history. It was released four years ago but it is still being shown in theaters all over the country. Movie fans consistently ask their local theater managers to revive it. A whole army of Nostradamus addicts has sprung up all over the country.

WILSON has since made two more Nostradamus shorts, and a fourth is now in preparation. Each one, in turn, has proved overwhelmingly popular. They have shown how Nostradamus called the turn at Pearl Harbor, how he foresaw the fall of France, how he identified Mussolini and Hitler (the latter by name), how he described tanks and airplanes, how he named the exact number of delegates at the Pan-American conference. The moviegoing public has become Nostradamus-conscious.

In each of the shorts there has been a résumé of the life of Nostradamus. He was born in St. Remy, Provence, on the 14th of December, 1503, "at about the hour of noon." He was a child prodigy, a mathematician. He grew up to become a celebrated physician ("nostrums" are the remedies of Nostradamus). In the Great Plague he lost his wife and children. He was court cosmetician to Catherine de Medici, Queen of France. Eventually he entered a monastery, where he spent the rest of his days working out

his formula for prophecy, a compound of astrology, astronomy, mathematics, and—what?

It was his practice to write his prophecies in short verses, to print these verses in pamphlet form and distribute them like handbills. One thousand of these verses were published between the years 1553-1559—that is to say, one thousand verses that we know of. In 1604 the first collection of the verses was put between the covers of a book, and in 1672 a Frenchman named de Garencières printed, in London, another book full of the precious thousand, together with an English translation of each verse. There is a copy of the 1604 folio in an English Museum, and there is a copy of the de Garencières edition in the New York Public Library. One of Wilson's researchers has examined the book in England. Another went to New York to examine the edition there, and brought back with him photostatic copies of the 564 pages in the book. In the most recent Nostradamus short, Wilson makes a point of showing these photostatic pages.

The translation of the verses is a problem for professors. In the first place, the sage wrote in medieval French. Then, the verses were composed in an involved colloquialism, a labyrinthian sort of slang. This was done deliberately. In those days of witch burnings and black magicians, Nostradamus had to protect himself against zealots and inquisitors of the Spanish school.

His method was to write his prophecies in an involved rhetoric which

always had the double entendre.

Medieval scholars can make a straight literal translation (as de Garencières did) but colloquialism is a short-lived thing; the meaning of words is lost in time. As a result, all the translations today are merely theories, guess work. One avid and prosperous student of the sage offered \$5000 to anybody who could come forward with one complete, indisputable translation. There were no takers.

Comparatively few of the verses have been translated into language that would have meaning to modern English-speaking people. Here is one that does, however:

*While little men shall talk of peace
Their armed forces shall betray a foreign
fortress . . .*

That is simple enough and literal enough. Wilson claims it is a perfect foretelling of the tragedy of Pearl Harbor—and who is there to deny his claim?

But consider this literal translation of one of the verses:

*When the fork is supported by two pillars,
With six half horns and six open scissors,
That powerful lord, heir of the Toads
Will then subjugate to himself
Most of the civilized world . . .*

The fork? Well, that would be a *V*. And when the letter *V* is supported by two pillars, or straight lines, it becomes the letter *M*, or the Roman numeral for 1000. Six half horns? Well, half of a horn is a perfect symbol of the letter *C*, the Roman numeral for 100, and six of these make 600. Add this to the *M* and you have the year 1600. But

wait. There are still "six open scissors" to account for. An open scissors may represent the letter *X*, or 10. Six of these make 60. By a system that would have gladdened the heart of Edgar Allan Poe, we arrive at the year 1660 in history.

And what happened in 1660—so many years after the death of Nostradamus? The most notable event of that year was the marriage of Louis XIV of France to Maria Theresa of Spain. By that *mariage de convenance* the ruler of France subjugated to himself most of the civilized world. As for the phrase "heir of the Toads," the Merovingian family of Louis XIV carried on its coat of arms, two toads.

Now this is one version of one of the Nostradamus verses. There may be those among you who claim the solution is all wrong. Wilson shrugs his shoulders. There are two sides to every quotation.

The Nostradamus shorts have brought mountains of fan mail to the desk of Carey Wilson. Academic letters, as he says. Nostradamus scholars



After Sidney Carroll graduated from Harvard, where he was President of the Lampoon, he wanted to paint. But he had to give that up, he told us, to go out and make a living. He's unusual for a writer: he's never been a lumberman, never bummed his way cross country. Instead, he's worked for three magazines—Stage, Ken, Esquire. Then, a year ago, he left New York for Hollywood to write a column about Hollywood comings and goings. He also writes Coronet's favorite column.

are scattered through all stratas. There are Catholic priests in Texas, and lumbermen in Wisconsin, and bibliophiles in Atlanta.

Others are just plain nut letters. A woman wrote in recently to find out what Nostradamus thought of 1942 as a year in which hitherto faithful husbands might run off with blondes.

There are inquisitive letters, too. But in all, one unfailing emotion comes through—a complete and unquestioning faith in the powers of Nostradamus. When will we bomb Tokyo again? When will the people of Germany revolt? Will the Russians defeat the Nazis? Will the English lose Egypt? Will there be a Republican president in 1944? And always, over and over again, the one question

that is asked a hundred times more than any other—when will the war be over?

To all of these questions, Wilson makes a careful, a respectful reply. He, Wilson, is not the prophet. All readers of Nostradamus are merely interpreters. If you want the answers, you have to seek out Nostradamus yourself and become your own interpreter. In the meantime, Wilson will not take it upon himself to say what Nostradamus had to say about the future still ahead of us. There is one exception—he shows where Nostradamus said that the "United Nations will win the war and dominate the peace." Otherwise, he is only interested in proving that Nostradamus has called the turn *up to now*.



How to Make a First Impression Last

- 1.** If you plan to convince HER that you are a Man of Affairs, lift a telephone receiver, dial a number, and speak the single phrase: "All right." Then replace the receiver as the air trembles with a distant and profound explosion (planned in advance, of course).
- 2.** If you want HER to think you are a Man of Mystery, just wait for a lull in the conversation and then suddenly start wailing in a high eerie tone. Now weave slowly to and fro, while a previously arranged-for cobra glides through the window and undulates, fascinated, in front of you. (If she

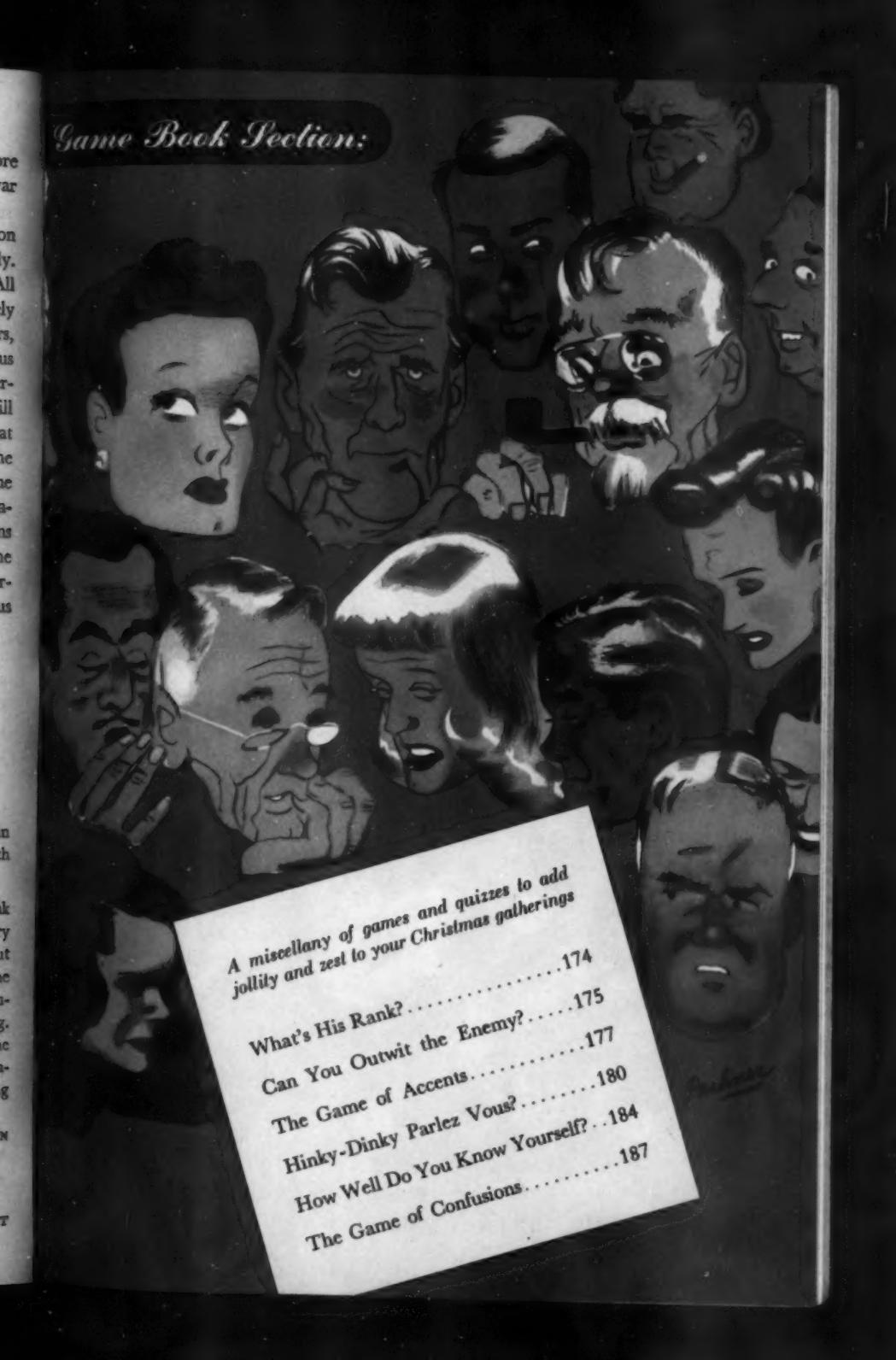


turns green from fright, you can also become a Tower of Strength by protecting HER).

- 3.** If you prefer HER to think you are a Man of the World, try this simple procedure: without letting HER think you have done it deliberately, spill a large quantity of coffee on your trouser leg. Then, without interrupting the conversation, rise casually and nonchalantly remove your trousers—revealing a second pair beneath them.

—JACK GOODMAN AND ALAN GREEN
How To Do Practically Anything
(SIMON AND SCHUSTER)

Game Book Section:



A miscellany of games and quizzes to add jollity and zest to your Christmas gatherings

What's His Rank?	174
Can You Outwit the Enemy?	175
The Game of Accents	177
Hinky-Dinky Parlez Vous?	180
How Well Do You Know Yourself?	184
The Game of Confusions	187

What's His Rank?

BELOW ARE reproductions of Army and Navy insignia—denoting rank—which you should be able to spot, here or on the street, without any trouble. What you are asked to do is identify each of the 16 as, for example, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy. An average score on this test can be only one thing—all 16 correct! If you miss one or two, we recommend you retake the quiz until you know them all backwards and forwards. Answers are on page 183.



If you're an armchair strategist, here's your chance to prove you can out-expert the military experts and outsmart the enemy



Can You Outwit the Enemy?

by IRVING WALLACE

IF YOU'RE a rocking-chair general, a bath-tub admiral, a bridge-club FBI-man, here's your chance to see how good you are in the art of applying spur-of-the-moment strategy and outwitting the enemy.

Here are five actual cases of general military nature which were solved by quick wits and quicker thinking. Study each problem briefly before answering. If your solution approximates the one that succeeded in real life, score yourself correct. Answers are on page 179.



I. The Chinese General in charge of tremendous Woosung Fort, near Shanghai, was troubled. It was a critical day

in 1934. He feared that Japan might strike at Shanghai again, full force, as she had two years before. And he would have to surrender his fort be-

cause he was unprepared.

In two days, supplies — modern cannon, big guns — would come from the Generalissimo. Then he could fight. But now—now he had nothing.

As he and his assistants paced nervously back and forth, a messenger, announcing the imminent arrival of the Imperial Japanese Fleet, burst into headquarters. The General groaned and stared out the window at his men, painting the mess hall, dragging in logs to reinforce the fort.

"The Japanese will be here in an hour—what shall I do?"

If you were the general, what would you do? (Answer on page 179)



II. A group of Cossacks, hard pressed by the Germans, were retreating from Lemberg in the last war. Slowed by their artillery, they halted at an isolated farm house. Over the farm-

house towered a giant windmill.

"If only we knew the German position," the Russian captain told his men, "we could shell them from a distance, stop them and make our escape."

Just then, one of the Cossacks called the captain over to the windmill. Inside was the owner, a German, who, naturally, would not help them against his countrymen.

How to make the German miller signal the Cossacks when the Germans arrived at the mill?

If you were the Cossack captain, what would you do? (Answer on page 179)

III. Disguised as a poor seller of cheap laces, Louise de Bettignies went from village to village in Germany during the last war, pretending to sell lace, but actually picking up and delivering military information for the English.

One evening, she hiked into a German village, her laces under one arm, her umbrella under the other. Because she was a stranger, she was arrested by the police and searched thoroughly. They found nothing. But her umbrella, as yet unsearched, lay against a wall. Naturally she was nervous, for in a hollow rib of the umbrella were hidden stolen maps of some of the Kaiser's leading fortifications.

How could she leave the police station with her umbrella intact?

If you were Louise, what would you do? (Answer on page 179)



IV. Anna Maria Lesser was Germany's best espionage agent in World War I. Just before war broke out in 1914, she was in Paris, pretending to be a Frenchwoman of high society. Berlin ordered her to find out all she could about French strength in the field. So she became the mistress of a well-married French officer of artillery.

He was ordered to Lorraine for army maneuvers. Anna Marie went along. She even accompanied him during maneuvers. When she had gathered the necessary information, she knew she must break with him, leaving him unsuspecting.

If you were Anna Maria, what would you do? (Answer on page 179)

V. When General Douglas MacArthur was about to graduate from West Point, he was given an oral examination.



The examining Colonel asked, "If you were a general in the Philippines, responsible for the defense of a large city and its important harbor, what would you do when you were informed that the enemy army was approaching by land and the enemy fleet was approaching by sea? You aren't prepared to tackle both at the same time. What's the first thing you'd do?"

MacArthur knew what to do, would you? (Answer on page 179)

*For some of the faraway places the war has
headlined, there are as many pronunciations as
there are speakers . . . What's your version?*



The Game of Accents

MANY OF THE names of persons and places which you will encounter in this quiz are mispronounced, even today, by well-known radio announcers and commentators. So don't fret too much if you miss a few.

However it does seem natural, now that we're fighting a global war, that we know how to pronounce the names of places where our armies might be fighting and the names of the people prominent in those places.

Naturally on a quiz of this type there may be some difference of opinion as to just where the accent falls—and so on. We did go to considerable trouble, therefore, to find one source which would best serve as a common denominator for all controversial points. That source, on which we have based our answers, is Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary (1938). For purposes of this test, at least, it will be the sole judge.

Scoring on this quiz is simple: 2 points for the correct pronunciation

and another 2 points for identifying the personality or locating the place.

The following phonetic key has been designed as an aid to you in taking the quiz. Syllables to be accented are capitalized:

a	is like the a in AXE
ah	is like the a in ARTIST
ai	is like the a in AIR
ay	is like the a in ACHE
e	is like the e in LED
ee	is like the e in EEL
i	is like the i in FIN
oh	is like the o in GO
o	is like the o in DOVE
oo	is like the o in SPOOL
ou	is like the ou in LOUD
u	is like the u in MUFF
j	is like the j in JOKE
g	is like the g in GUARD

Answers will be found on page 183.

1. Newfoundland
- a. NEW-fund-land
- b. new-FOUND-land
- c. new-fund-LUND

2. Coblenz
 a. KAH-blents
 b. koh-BLENTS
 c. KOH-blents
3. Donets
 a. do-NYETS
 b. DOH-nyets
 c. DO-nets
4. Azores
 a. ay-ZOHRZ
 b. AY-zawrz
 c. ay-SAWR-cez
5. Petrograd
 a. pet-ro-GRAD
 b. PET-ro-grahd
 c. pet-RO-grahd
6. Wilhelmstrasse
 a. wil-helm-STRAHSEE
 b. WIL-helm-strass
 c. VIL-helm-shtrahsse
7. Cristobal
 a. kris-TOH-bal
 b. KRIS-toh-bal
 c. kris-toh-BAHL
8. Aegean Islands
 a. ee-JEE-an
 b. ay-JEE-an
 c. ay-GEE-an
9. Pago Pago
 a. PAY-go-PAY-go
 b. PAN-jo-PAN-jo
 c. PANG-o-PANG-o
10. Ceylon
 a. SAY-lon
 b. SEE-lon
 c. sec-LON
11. Buenos Aires
 a. BYOO-nos-air
 b. BWAY-nohs-EE-riss
 c. BWAY-nohs-AI-res
12. Augsburg
 a. OUGS-berg
- b. AWGS-berg
 c. OUGS-boork
13. Kiev
 a. KEEV
 b. kee-YEFF
 c. KEE-yeff
14. Dodecanese
 a. doh-DECK-ah-NEES
 b. DOH-deck-AH-nees
 c. doh-DECK-ah-nees
15. Jungfrau
 a. jung-FROH
 b. YUNG-froh
 c. YOONG-frou
16. Reykjavik
 a. RECK-jah-vik
 b. RAY-kyah-veek
 c. REE-kyah-veek
17. Petain
 a. PAY-tahn
 b. pe-TAHN
 c. pay-TAN
18. Cherbourg
 a. SHAIR-berg
 b. shair-BOOR
 c. CHER-beer
19. Roosevelt (F. D.)
 a. ROOS-velt
 b. ROOS-e-velt
 c. ROH-ze-velt
20. Port Said
 a. Port sah-EED
 b. Port SAYD
 c. Port say-ID
21. Litvinov
 a. LIT-vin-off
 b. lit-VEE-noff
 c. lit-vin-OFF
22. Fiume
 a. fee-OO-may
 b. FEEM
 c. FEE-yoom

23. DeGaulle
a. dee-GAWL
b. duh-GOHL
c. dee-GOOL
24. Saint Mihiel
a. SAYNT-mee-HEEL
- b. SAN-mee-YEL
c. SAHN-MEE-hil
25. Chiang Kai Shek
a. chee-ANG-ky-CHECK
b. CHANG-ky-SHEK
c. CHYAHNG-KAI-shek
-

Answers to "Can You Outwit the Enemy?"

I. You'd fool the Japs with dummy camouflage. The Chinese General ordered his soldiers to hollow out the front of the logs, paint the logs black to resemble heavy artillery and cannon, and prop them up on the walls of the fort overlooking the water. The Japs, seeing the powerful-looking long-range guns, fled.

II. The Cossack Captain had the miller seized, tied to an arm of the windmill. Then he turned the windmill until the German was high in the air, head down, on the arm farthest from the ground. The Cossacks then rode to a distance where they could watch the windmill through binoculars and set up their cannon. When the Germans arrived, they turned the arms of the windmill and released the miller. When the Cossacks saw the windmill turning, they shelled the position and no longer had to retreat.

III. Louise de Bettignies, the master spy, escaped the Germans that night. In extreme agitation, a normal state for anyone under the circumstances, she left the police station—without her umbrella. A little while later, she came back, apologized for disturbing them,

but she'd forgotten her umbrella. She picked it up, walked out, free. She'd shown them that the umbrella was unimportant to her by forgetting it.

IV. Anna Maria Lesser could not desert her artillery officer; he might have become suspicious if she had. Anna Maria remembered the officer's wife, who thought he was a faithful husband. Anna Maria wrote the wife a letter, telling about his "carrying on sinfully" with another woman. The wife rushed to Lorraine, demanded that her husband get rid of his sweetheart. The good husband, tired of his fling, obeyed his wife.

V. MacArthur answered: "I'd stall the enemy's fleet. I would get the best sign painters in the city to paint me a very large sign as fast as they could. I would float this sign at the mouth of the harbor. It would read: *All shipping beware! Do not enter mouth of this harbor! The entire harbor is mined!* The enemy fleet observers would translate this, the enemy would be confused, and while he was finding out about the mines, I would get down on my knees and pray. Then I would face the enemy on land and fight like hell! And still have time to face the invading fleet!"



Here's your chance—in the form of a quiz game—to brush up on the lusty lingo of America's soldiers and sailors

Hinky-Dinky Parlez Vous?

WHEN JOHNNY comes marching home, even though only for a furlough, you will find that you and he no longer speak the same language. Every profession, including soldiering and sailoring, has its own lingo; here's your opportunity to catch up with the slang used in the Army and Navy.

Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 50 is fair; 60 or more is good, and anything over 70 is excellent. If you happen to be in the armed forces, of course, better up those averages about 10 points each. Answers are on page 183.

1. Brass Hat
 - (a) Parade helmet
 - (b) Staff officer
 - (c) Water canteen
2. Hit the Silk
 - (a) Use a parachute
 - (b) Go to bed
 - (c) Do the laundry
3. Dodo
 - (a) Top Sergeant
 - (b) Cadet before he solos
 - (c) 88 millimeter gun
4. Fish
 - (a) Swim trooper
 - (b) Rubber boat
 - (c) Torpedo
5. To Brown Off
 - (a) Get fed up
 - (b) Go on maneuvers
 - (c) Get tanned
6. Dit Da Artist
 - (a) Tattoo expert
 - (b) Radio operator
 - (c) Camofleur
7. Prop Wash
 - (a) A tall story
 - (b) Corn likker
 - (c) Dust kicked up in taking off
8. Gold-fish
 - (a) Stakes in a poker game
 - (b) Salmon
 - (c) Private's insignia

9. Holy Joe
 (a) The Chaplain
 (b) The infirmary
 (c) Camp follower

10. Canteen Medals
 (a) Free passes
 (b) Second helpings
 (c) Beer stains

11. Blanket Drill
 (a) Sleep
 (b) Sham battle
 (c) Bull session

12. Ack-Ack
 (a) Nickname for sergeants
 (b) Machine gun
 (c) Army food

13. D and D
 (a) Drunk and dirty
 (b) Dunking the doughnut
 (c) Double-barreled shotgun

14. Irish Grapes
 (a) Ale
 (b) Buckshot
 (c) Potatoes

15. A Lawnmower
 (a) A razor
 (b) A tank
 (c) A cavalry horse

16. The Ptomaine Domain
 (a) Headquarters
 (b) The mess hall
 (c) The guard house

17. Sawbones
 (a) Dice
 (b) Manual of Arms
 (c) Army doctor

18. Ash Can
 (a) Civilian automobile
 (b) Automatic potato peeler
 (c) Depth charge

19. Monkey Drill
 (a) Calisthenics

(b) Commando training
 (c) Recreation

20. Dog Show
 (a) Artillery target practice
 (b) Instruction class
 (c) Foot inspection

21. Armored Cow
 (a) Fat, tightly corseted girl
 (b) Canned milk
 (c) Soda fountain

22. Top Kick
 (a) Goose step
 (b) Serious complaint
 (c) First Sergeant

23. Lighthouse
 (a) Salt shaker
 (b) Drunken soldier
 (c) Observation balloon

24. Milwaukee Goiter
 (a) Swelled head
 (b) Overstuffed waistline
 (c) Swollen feet

25. Latrine Rumor
 (a) Special delivery letter
 (b) Code problem
 (c) Unfounded report

26. A Mae West
 (a) Buoyant life saving jacket
 (b) U. S. O. hostess
 (c) High explosive

27. Sandpaper the Anchor
 (a) Get drunk on furlough
 (b) Use rough speech
 (c) Do unnecessary work

28. A Rebel
 (a) Southern girl
 (b) Army mule
 (c) Irish-American soldier

29. Maggie's Drawers
 (a) Long underwear
 (b) Red flag indicating target miss
 (c) Auxiliary parachute

30. Bathroom Stationery
 (a) Mail order catalog
 (b) Toilet tissue
 (c) Shower curtain
31. Chest Hardware
 (a) Marching equipment
 (b) Tattoo designs
 (c) Medals
32. Bath Tub
 (a) Airplane cockpit
 (b) Mud hole
 (c) Motorcycle sidecar
33. Canary
 (a) A beautiful girl
 (b) A flight lieutenant
 (c) A coward
34. Lucky Bag
 (a) Storeroom for stray articles
 (b) Mail-pouch
 (c) Wallet
35. Pillow Pigeons
 (a) Pleasant dreams
 (b) Bed bugs
 (c) Oversleepers
36. Belly Robber
 (a) Kitchen police assignment
 (b) Mess sergeant
 (c) Date with expensive tastes
37. Flea Bag
 (a) Laundry bag
 (b) Beard
 (c) Mattress
38. Seagull
 (a) Chicken
 (b) Coast Guard cutter
 (c) Inexperienced sailor
39. Gold Brick
 (a) Soldier who dodges work
 (b) Everybody's pal
 (c) Bonus pay
40. Frogskin
 (a) Raincoat
- (b) Cigarette paper
 (c) Dollar bill
41. A Down-Wind
 (a) A vain aviator
 (b) A glider pilot
 (c) An ace
42. Dog Robber
 (a) The bugler
 (b) The orderly
 (c) Military policeman
43. Eagle Day
 (a) Cadet's first flight
 (b) Induction day
 (c) Pay day
44. In Dock
 (a) In disgrace
 (b) Hangover
 (c) Hospitalized
45. Cross Bar Hotel
 (a) Guard house
 (b) Barracks
 (c) Kitchen
46. Brown Bombers
 (a) Camouflaged planes
 (b) CC pills, the Army laxative
 (c) Heavy regulation boots
47. Bubble Dancing
 (a) Dishwashing
 (b) Bragging
 (c) Inspection
48. Dog Tag
 (a) Identification disk
 (b) Fever chart
 (c) Personnel file
49. Mobile Dandruff
 (a) Snow
 (b) Salt
 (c) Cooties
50. A Gertrude
 (a) The girl friend
 (b) Soldier on office duty
 (c) A cavalryman

Answers to "The Game of Accents"

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. NEW-fund-land | City in Russia |
| Island off East Coast of Canada | 14. doh-DECK-ah-NEES |
| 2. KOH-blents | A group of islands in the Aegean |
| City in Germany | 15. YOONG-frou |
| 3. do-NYETS | Mountain in the Alps |
| River in Russia | 16. RAY-kyah-veek |
| 4. ay-ZOHRZ | Capital of Iceland |
| Islands in Atlantic Ocean | 17. pay-TAN |
| 5. PET-ro-grahd | Chief of State of Vichy, France |
| City in Russia | 18. shair-BOOR |
| 6. VIL-helm-shtrahsse | French seaport |
| Street in Berlin | 19. ROH-ze-velt |
| 7. kris-TOH-bal | President of the United States |
| Town at Panama Canal | 20. Port sah-EED |
| 8. ee-JEE-an Islands | Egyptian seaport on Suez Canal |
| Islands in the Aegean Sea | 21. lit-VEE-noff |
| 9. PANG-o-PANG-o | Russian Ambassador to U. S. |
| Capital of Samoan Islands | 22. fee-OO-may |
| 10. see-LON | Italian city |
| British Island in Indian Ocean | 23. duh-GOHL |
| 11. BWAY-nohs-AI-res | Leader of Fighting French |
| Capital of Argentina | 24. SAN-mee-YEL |
| 12. OUGS-boork | Town in France |
| City in Germany | 25. CHYAHNG-KAI-shek |
| 13. KEE-yeff | Generalissimo of China |

Answers to "What's His Rank?"

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Lieutenant Commander—USN | 9. Vice-Admiral—USN |
| 2. Lieutenant General—USA | 10. Lieutenant, Junior Grade—USN |
| 3. Chief Petty Officer—USN | 11. Captain—USN |
| 4. Master Sergeant—USA | 12. First class Petty Officer—USN |
| 5. Captain—USA | 13. First Sergeant—USA |
| 6. Corporal—USA | 14. Colonel—USA |
| 7. Third class Petty Officer—USN | 15. Staff Sergeant—USA |
| 8. Brigadier General—USA | 16. Apprentice Seaman—USN |

Answers to "Hinky-Dinky Parlez Vous?"

- | | | | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. b | 8. b | 15. a | 22. c | 30. b | 37. c | 44. c |
| 2. a | 9. a | 16. b | 23. a | 31. c | 38. a | 45. a |
| 3. b | 10. c | 17. c | 24. b | 32. c | 39. a | 46. b |
| 4. c | 11. a | 18. c | 25. c | 33. a | 40. c | 47. a |
| 5. a | 12. b | 19. a | 26. a | 34. a | 41. a | 48. a |
| 6. b | 13. a | 20. c | 27. c | 35. b | 42. b | 49. c |
| 7. a | 14. c | 21. b | 28. a | 36. b | 43. c | 50. b |
| 29. b | | | | | | |



Do you know what makes you tick? or how your wheels go 'round? No? Then it's about time you got acquainted with yourself—via this quiz.

How Well Do You Know Yourself?

ACCORDING to many psychologists and physicians, the chaotic events of today can't help but affect your physical well-being in one way or another. Yet, the chances are that you, like most of us, have only a slight idea of what makes you tick.

To make it easy, here are 50 questions about your body which you should pass with flying colors.

Count two points for each correct answer, except where the question states that more credit should be given. A fair score is 45; 60 is good; and 70 or more is excellent. Answers will be found on page 186.

1. The skeleton of the human body is composed of approximately
 - (a) 300 bones
 - (b) 100 bones
 - (c) 200 bones
2. Every normal person has
 - (a) 8 ribs on either side
 - (b) 10 ribs on either side
 - (c) 12 ribs on either side
3. The bony box protecting the human brain is called
 - (a) thorax
 - (b) cranium
 - (c) pelvis
4. Name the most important muscle in the body.
5. The heart in a normal person is usually found between the lungs
 - (a) directly in the center
 - (b) a bit to the right
 - (c) a bit to the left
6. The normal person weighing about 160 pounds usually has how much blood in his body?
 - (a) 5 to 6 quarts
 - (b) 7 to 8 quarts
 - (c) 3 to 4 pints
7. The normal quota of teeth is
 - (a) 37
 - (b) 32
 - (c) 24
8. What is the difference between the pupil and the iris of the eye?
9. The average number of heart beats or heart contractions per minute for men is

- (a) 72
(b) 42
(c) 92
10. The esophagus is the passage for
(a) sound going into the eardrum
(b) air into the lungs
(c) food into the stomach
11. The average length of time taken
for the emptying of the stomach
after a meal is
(a) 3-7 hours
(b) 8-12 hours
(c) 13-16 hours
12. True or false. Men's pulse rate is
usually faster than women's.
13. The joints of the face are im-
movably joined together with
what exception?
14. The digestive process first occurs
(a) in the mouth
(b) in the stomach
(c) in the small intestine
15. The jugular vein is located in the
(a) heart
(b) temple
(c) neck
16. Under normal circumstances and
in a normal person the stomach
usually can hold about
(a) 3 or 4 pints
(b) 1 or 2 pints
(c) 5 or 6 pints
17. True or false. The thyroid gland,
found in your neck, helps control
your energy.
18. The epiglottis is
(a) the flap protecting the wind-
pipe
(b) the name of an artery leading
away from the heart
(c) connecting point between the
stomach and small intestine
19. True or false. The optic nerve
is found in the spine.
20. Which of the following parts of
the body contain the greatest
number of bones?
(a) the arm and hand
(b) the spine
(c) the skull
21. Vertebrae are found in the
(a) skull
(b) spinal column
(c) chest cavity
22. Your intestines are about
(a) 6 feet long
(b) 26 feet long
(c) 46 feet long
23. Your appendix
(a) aids in digestion
(b) aids in treating new blood
(c) performs no function
24. Popularly speaking, your skin is
composed of
(a) 1 layer
(b) 2 layers
(c) 3 layers
25. True or false. Most lung purified
blood is carried by the veins;
most impure blood is carried by
the arteries.
26. What do the following have in
common?
(a) the lungs
(b) the rectum
(c) the kidneys
(d) the skin
27. Perspiration
(a) reduces the temperature of
the body
(b) has nothing to do with the
temperature of the body
(c) increases the temperature of
the body

28. True or false. A broken bone in an adult will heal more quickly than in a child.
29. What is the longest and strongest bone in the body?
- 30.-34. Name the 5 senses. (count 5 points, 1 for each sense)
35. Food moves through the intestines by
- (a) the pull of gravity
 - (b) pressure from other food
 - (c) contractions of the intestines themselves (peristalsis)
36. What do the following parts of the body have in common?
- (a) left ventricle
 - (b) right auricle
 - (c) bicuspid valve
37. True or false. Tendons and ligaments are muscles.
- 38.-40. What are the 3 chief properties of your blood? (count 3 points)
41. Are there more white or more red corpuscles in the blood stream of a normal, healthy person?
- 42.-44. There are 3 types of blood vessels in your body. Can you name them? (count 3 points)
- 45.-50. Count 6 points. Among the following organs of your body, which six concern breathing?
- | | |
|-------------|---------------------|
| (a) nose | (f) throat |
| (b) mouth | (g) gall bladder |
| (c) kidneys | (h) windpipe |
| (d) liver | (i) bronchial tubes |
| (e) lungs | (j) tonsils |
-

Answers to "How Well Do You Know Yourself?"

1. (c) 200 bones 14. (a) in the mouth 30.-34. Sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch
2. (c) 12 on either side 15. (c) neck 35. (c) contractions of the intestines themselves (peristalsis)
3. (b) cranium 16. (a) 3 or 4 pints 36. All parts of heart
4. Heart 17. True 37. False
5. (c) a bit to the left 18. (a) the flap protecting the windpipe 38.-40. Red corpuscles or hemoglobin, white corpuscles, plasma
6. (a) 5 to 6 quarts 19. False 41. More red
7. (b) 32 20. (a) arm and hand 42.-44. Veins, arteries, capillaries
8. The iris is the colored portion of the eye, while the pupil is the contractual aperture in the iris through which light passes through to the retina 21. (b) spinal column 45.-50. Nose, mouth, windpipe, throat, bronchial tubes, lungs
9. (a) 72 (approx.) 22. (b) 26 feet long
10. (c) food into the stomach 23. (c) no function
11. (a) 3 to 7 hours 24. (c) 3 layers
12. False 25. False
13. The lower jaw 26. All give off waste
27. (a) reduces body temperature 28. False
29. The thigh bone or femur 30.-34. Sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch

*Most of these facts don't fit their figures—
but a little ingenuity and you'll
have them as pal as you once did at school*



The Game of Confusions

ARE YOU a person with facts at your fingertips? Is your mental house in order or a complete topsy-turvy? This quiz will help you find out. As you will see there are five "Confusions" for you to work on. Each one has a jumble of information: events and facts irrelevantly paired together. Your job is to unscramble them and find for each its correct

partner. The scoring is simple: 2 points for every right answer, with the separate "Confusions" rating 20 points apiece. Naturally 100 points means that your mind is clear as a bell; at 70 you're just slightly confused. You're quite confused at 60; and a score of 50 or less means you're just plain muddled. Answers are on page 189.

Confusion No. I

Can you name in order the world's ten largest cities? Then it should be easy to match the ones listed below with their correct population. Populations are arranged alphabetically, cities numerically. Your answer should be a combination of letter and number such as 1-C, 4-J, etc.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Berlin | A. 3,396,808 |
| 2. New York | B. 6,457,600 |
| 3. Moscow | C. 4,137,018 |
| 4. Buenos Aires | D. 3,489,998 |
| 5. London | E. 7,454,995 |
| 6. Chicago | F. 2,829,746 |
| 7. Paris | G. 4,230,200 |
| 8. Calcutta | H. 4,242,501 |
| 9. Tokyo | I. 1,485,582 |
| 10. Shanghai | J. 2,364,263 |

Confusion No. II

If you know your modern literature, it shouldn't be difficult at all to match

these books with their publication dates. Just pair them off—letters and numerals—as you did in Confusion No. 1.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| 1. Gone With the Wind | A. 1929 |
| 2. Penrod | B. 1920 |
| 3. The Good Earth | C. 1936 |
| 4. Ulysses | D. 1931 |
| 5. The Call of the Wild | E. 1914 |
| 6. Farewell to Arms | F. 1926 |
| 7. Main Street | G. 1922 |
| 8. Mrs. Miniver | H. 1933 |
| 9. Showboat | I. 1941 |
| 10. The Grapes of Wrath | J. 1939 |

Confusion No. III

How well do you know your jazz? This list takes you back to the gay nineties which maybe you don't remember—but you've heard tell. Follow the same procedure as in the first two quizzes.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| 1. Sweet Adeline | A. 1911 |
| 2. Yes, We Have No Bananas | B. 1941 |
| 3. Begin the Beguine | C. 1903 |
| 4. Oh Susannah | D. 1935 |
| 5. Over There | E. 1923 |
| 6. Deep in the Heart of Texas | F. 1846 |
| 7. The Sidewalks of New York | G. 1929 |
| 8. Night and Day | H. 1894 |
| 9. Stardust | I. 1917 |
| 10. Alexander's Ragtime Band | J. 1932 |

Confusion No. IV

This test proves whether or not you know where you are—or might be. Geographers are sure to win; but don't dash for the Atlas till you've tried on your own. Pair the cities with the proper distances between them.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------|
| 1. Los Angeles—New Orleans | A. 6249 |
| 2. Paris—Stockholm | B. 1771 |
| 3. Washington—St. Louis | C. 225 |
| 4. Leningrad—Peking | D. 1094 |
| 5. Rome—Amsterdam | E. 412 |
| 6. London—Brussels | F. 1400 |
| 7. St. Louis—Seattle | G. 2003 |
| 8. Cleveland—Galveston | H. 2328 |
| 9. Madrid—Lisbon | I. 892 |
| 10. Copenhagen—Istanbul | J. 1208 |

Confusion No. V

Once you probably were able to recite the presidents and their dates by heart. Can you still do it? The list below has shaken them up a bit. Try re-arranging them so the dates fit the proper men.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. James Buchanan | A. 1865-1869 |
| 2. Woodrow Wilson | B. 1800-1808 |
| 3. James A. Garfield | C. 1888-1892 |
| 4. Thomas Jefferson | D. 1912-1920 |
| 5. Benjamin Harrison | E. 1884-1888 1892-1896 |
| 6. Abraham Lincoln | F. 1880-1881 |
| 7. Theodore Roosevelt | G. 1923-1928 |
| 8. Calvin Coolidge | H. 1901-1908 |
| 9. Andrew Johnson | I. 1856-1860 |
| 10. Grover Cleveland | J. 1860-1865 |
-

Answers to "The Game of Confusions"

I	II	III	IV	V
1-H	1-C	1-C	1-G	1-I
2-E	2-E	2-E	2-J	2-D
3-C	3-D	3-D	3-I	3-F
4-J	4-G	4-F	4-A	4-B
5-G	5-H	5-I	5-D	5-C
6-A	6-A	6-B	6-C	6-J
7-F	7-B	7-H	7-H	7-H
8-I	8-I	8-J	8-F	8-G
9-B	9-F	9-G	9-E	9-A
10-D	10-J	10-A	10-B	10-E

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**Results
of Round
Table #1**

brought in a flood of replies from all over the country. The volume was such that we are assured that this feature has won your approval and should be continued. It will.

As for opinion: participants agreed three to one with Mr. Maugham that war should be no barrier to the rearing of children. Many made the additional point that neither war nor peace should be the deciding factor in whether or not to raise a family.

The inauguration
of The Coronet
Round Table

Rather, the criterion should be the harmony between the parents themselves.

Several writers, however, urged that such a personal phase of civilian life should be curtailed for the duration as are civilian business concerns. They also stressed the effects on personality that bombs, extreme poverty or, at least, emotional dislocation within the home might bring.

Of all our answers, only the smallest minority were on the fence. That is in itself an indication of the project's success, we think.

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR AUGUST

For best letters on the question, "Should Children Be Brought into a World at War?" first prize has been awarded to Pvt. James O. Jackson, Greenville, Mississippi; second prize to Pvt. Frederick G. Taylor, Norfolk, Virginia; third prize to Aviation Cadet David H. Sutherland, San Antonio, Texas.

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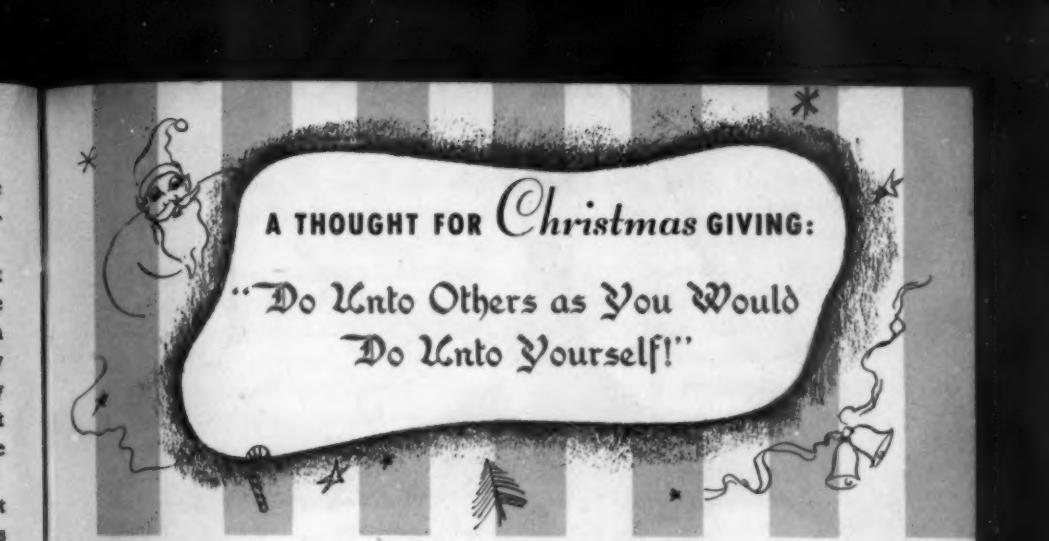
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